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The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Andrew Young: The Black Man's Burden

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***Peregrine Worsthorne*: In Defense of Class**

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Plus Books for Christmas

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• October, and the sentimental slobbering continues; the outraged comminations reverberate, now and anon; the puny, hollow, bromides keep transmitting from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

• There appears no relief from the drear. The President of the United States is a grinning dunce, but no questions are raised regarding the cobwebs in his noodle, no protests are heard about his maudlin oratory, his tortured dialogue. He lumbered through a mid-October Associated Press interview, clumsily shoving forward leaden platitudes wrapped in impenetrable bureaucratese until the civilized reader yearned for a resurrection of the Grand Rapids Hoover. The stock market has dropped nearly 200 points.

• Early in the month the President's coterie of yokels was roused from its reverie on the perfect *filet de catfish* when the polls bespoke an abrupt wilting in Mr. Carter's popularity. Ham and Jody removed their socks from the radiator, thrust their hooves into their clodhoppers, and with shirttails flapping galloped into the Oval Office. The Yankees had done woke up! Congress had mutinied! Even the Washington press corps was no longer hoodwinked by a pack of Snopeses listening to Scheherazade in the White House.

• Off our President did go aridin' through South Bronx to condole with the victims of Wall Street. Then he laced up his own clodhoppers, charged onto the White House lawn, and put on the feed bag with "my closest friends in all the world...[*sigh!*]...we're part of the same family... [*ooob!*]..."—the "Peanut Brigade," five hundred credulous Georgians who had staffed his campaign and with whom he occasionally visits to illustrate some obscure point in the populist whim-wham. Next he ordered his cabinet to thump for that poor platypus he calls his legislative package, and then he himself went out to scold the oil companies for "the biggest ripoff in history"—a phrase exquisitely expressive of his sense of proportion and of history. It was a philippic that embarrassed even the Gucci Bolsheviks of Georgetown. Then he took wing across this great country, mouthing the sentimental flummeries that he believes got him elected. Finally, our President returned to Washington just in time to see his cargo preference scheme trounced in the Congress.

• And so another month of the Carter Populism slips into history. Thus far Mr. Carter's politics reveal the vagaries of a really cheap mind. He has no ideas and no ideals worthy of scrutiny. His vision is that of a small town boomer dreaming of a paved road for main street. His philosophy is a stew of superstition and banality. He is without dignity. If ever he were to be impeached, my guess is that after a review of his policies and locutions he would be acquitted by reason of inanity. Nonetheless, Mr. Carter is the only president we have, and it is the duty of all Americans to close ranks behind him, or better still, in front of him, and not let the world see what 27.5 percent of the adult population of this country did to us. I am a Carter supporter through and through.

• An admirable zeal for civil liberties continues to sweep the world. The United States, Red China, and the Soviet Union put their disagreements behind them, and joined the more sensitive civil libertarians of such Third World democratic showcases as Zaire and the Central African Empire in adopting sanctions against South Africa, an intolerably backward regime that in October actually suppressed political dissent. That the United States and the Soviet Union should cooperate on civil liberties ought to surprise no one, for as our President's national security adviser pointed out in an October 18th speech to the Overseas Writers Club, it is only "historical forces, philosophical pressures, geopolitical considerations, divergent political systems, and different values," certainly not "evil men" or "evil designs," that bring about competition. Such discerning discourses have come to characterize our foreign policy spokesmen. On October 21 our chief delegate to the Belgrade Conference, Mr. Arthur Goldberg, rebuffed Soviet criticism of our President's human rights persiflage by summoning up that ancient maxim, "Sticks and stones may break your bones. But names will never hurt you." All Europe was stunned!

• Of course, other countries too have embarrassments. From Delhi comes word that India's austere Prime Minister Morarji Desai is against alcoholic refreshment and in favor of urine. In a historic interview with the London *Spectator* the eighty-two-year-old Mr. Desai revealed: "For the past five or six years I have drunk a glass of my own urine—about five to six ounces—every morning. It is very, very good for you. And it's free....Urine is the Water of Life." Moreover, Mr. Desai uses the foul stuff as an external tonic: "You must massage it from the ankle to the waist and from the head to the waist....I used to give myself a routine urine massage every morning just because it is good, not because I had anything wrong with me...." Mr. Desai also claimed to be an adherent to "naturopathy," and he cures himself of any occasional illnesses by fasting "for two or three days" and taking matutinal enemas. He also practices the discipline of Brahmacharya, an arctic enmity for the libidinous tug. Since 1928 he has not had sexual congress, and yet both he and his wife glow with health. Let subscribers to *Cosmopolitan* meditate on that!

• Terror stabbed through the literary world of New York when retired novelist Norman Mailer repulsed hostess Lally Weymouth's ever-reliable canapés, bounded over two tiers of truffles, and assaulted a hapless Mr. Gore Vidal. The ambuscade took place at Miss Weymouth's fête for Mr. George Weidenfeld and was witnessed by such truly exceptional people as Lillian Hellman, Ahmet Ehrtegun, Evangeline Bruce, Max Palevsky, and John Kenneth Galbraith, described by the "Style" section of the *Washington Post* as an "economist." In Houston, Texas, Mr. S.R. ("Bud") Bailey was arrested at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Howard Smeld, after he fell upon Mr. Smeld with the leg of a dismembered rocking chair. The assault apparently occurred when Mr. Smeld, an incorrigible practical jokester, informed Mr. Bailey, an ardent conservationist, that the turkey they had just dined on was in truth one of the few whooping cranes ever seen in the Houston area. Mr. Smeld was joshing, but it took 23 stitches to close his wounds. Finally, the false teeth of Mrs. Marjorie Jackson, the reclusive heiress murdered during the six-million-dollar robbery of her Indianapolis home, fetched $1,500 at auction.

• A Federal District Court in Newark barred the teaching in public schools of an HEW-funded course in Transcendental Meditation on the grounds that it violated the First Amendment requirement for separation of church and state. Flint, Michigan's eternal flame expired when picnickers roasted hot dogs over it. And the mercurial Mr. Clifford Clouse was arrested for invading a Fort Wayne, Indiana, bank, armed with two shotguns, and threatening officers in an account dispute. His memorable query as he was being borne off to the slammer was "Will this count against the points on my driver's license?"

• Late in the month, strong drink and a berserk folding sofa almost made Mr. Will Weathspoon an angel. After an evening under the professional care of a local bartender, the Phoenix, Arizona, bachelor returned home only to become helplessly entrapped in his sofa, where he remained for five days until an indefatigable bill collector discovered him. It took firemen 20 minutes to free Mr. Weathspoon, who was hospitalized in critical condition with bruises and malnutrition.

• The New York Yankees won the World Series. In Eau Ballie, Florida, Coach Larry Canaday revealed that he inspired his football team by beheading young frogs with his teeth. And Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the devout atheist who saved us from prayer in public schools, is now going to lift from us the infamy of church-sponsored bingo. In a late night attack on a Texas church she nabbed dozens of luridly colored bingo cards and would have made several citizen's arrests but for the fact that her male companion lost heart and retreated ingloriously.

• In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, two desperate gunmen held up the John Neumyer Funeral Home and escaped with three bottles of embalming fluid. In Chicago the robber of the Pekin Cleaners got away with a television set and $5 but left a fingerprint when he accidentally shot a finger off. And in San Francisco, California, a female bank robber absconded with $578 after presenting a bank teller with a note reading: "You have thirty seconds before your life isn't worth the paper its printed on." Police investigators are operating on the hypothesis that the culprit is a recent graduate of a University of California creative writing project.

• Two hundred and one years after the launching of this supposedly free democracy someone is finally doing something to extend the blessings of the Constitution to a minority that has for too long suffered discrimination and obloquy: the innocently fat. The ACLU and the Oklahoma Coalition of Citizens with Disabilities are asking HEW to scrutinize Oral Roberts University's policy against fat students to see if it discriminates against the handicapped. "It's discriminating against individuals with minor health problems, disabilities, and imperfections," opined a high potentate of the ACLU—words, mere words, of course, but words that may someday be seen as a milestone for the new American blubberists, a rising generation of fatsoes with PRIDE. —*RET*

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EDITORIAL

Andrew Young: The Black Man's Burden

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Though our nation abounds with gifted men there is only one who President Carter believes will be remembered in history as a "great man." This lonely Americano was described by the *New York Times* as cool, intelligent, and articulate; whereupon he duly sired such learned sonorities as: "I believe in neocolonialism when it's moving in the right direction," "Trying to be independent of the rest of the world is to commit suicide," and "Chaos occurs when human rights are not respected"—a useful apothegm if one will but banish from mind Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, and China, the quietest quarter of the earth's surface. Not only is he an American Churchill, but he is a reformer with brains: "So even if we have a Foreign Service that's extremely well trained academically, there hasn't been much sensitivity training." There you are, sensitivity sessions in the State Department! What could more effectively ingratiate our diplomatic corps to the foreign ministries of the world than the squirrelly look of Esalen-trained me-freaks?

Whose mellow wisdom is this? The glow is unmistakable: in mind a precocious seven-year-old, in emotions a feature writer for *Ms.* magazine, in beliefs a full professor at Antioch College who has never doubted anything ever published in the *Progressive*—you have just sampled the wisdom of Mr. Andrew Jackson Young, B.S., B.D., our eloquent and enlightened UN Ambassador. He is the greatest moment in American diplomacy, greater even than Woodrow of the Fourteen Points. He is a moral shout heard through an immoral night. He is a nincompoop, and that ritualistic liberals praise him for just those qualities he so picturesquely lacks should give all black men premonitions regarding their retirement plans. This phenomenon of praising a black man for incapacities that would not be tolerated in a white man makes even me apprehensive about the future of racial harmony in the Great Republic; and remember: Health, Education and Welfare has yet to hand down a genealogical judgment on what racial quota I shall be subsumed under. Reflect on his attainments and learn from his words. His eminence tells us much about the dizzy state of racial relations today.

While in his cocoon our present UN Ambassador studied the Christian occult at the famed Hartford Theological Seminary. There was laid the theological foundation that would years later support his magisterial declaration on morality: "Morality for me is thinking clearly through the alternatives, and making a decision that is best for the largest number of people." There too he studied the Great Books and got a 2,000-volt charge of social consciousness. How the jolt is administered remains concealed amongst the arcana of the liberal theologians. But every socially sensitive cleric must undergo it if he is to be fortified against the murderous conventionalities of middle-class life and allowed to realize his full potential as a pest and scofflaw. For Andrew Young these were the bookish years, and he emerged from them with an unshakeable grasp of liberal Christianity's key tenet, namely: "Christ was a half-wit."

Soon he was awarded a collar from the United Church of Christ, Inc., and thither he advanced into a life of Christian endeavor; he took a position at the headquarters of the National Council of Churches. There he administered to the athletic programs, the media programs, and every other area of spiritual exigency. He moved into civil rights, then politics. He entered Congress in 1972 and four years later was at the command post during the people's revolution that brought the Wonderboy to the White House. For Andy these were times of worldly whirl, yet how *au courant* he remained with modern theological developments can be seen in his rigorously thought out ukase for the heathens at *Playboy*: "My faith is that all men can be saved, but I didn't want Hitler to be saved, and I don't want Idi Amin to be saved." Who has offered a more vivid encapsulation of the modern Christian love ethic?

Gobs of Verbiage

The major intellectual influence on the Rev. Young's life has been Mr. Mohandas K. Gandhi, the Indian luminary whose spinning wheels and communal principles have brought such remarkable progress, vigor, and personal liberty to the vast subcontinent. The Mahatma's canon has long been revered by activist clerics of the Rev. Young's species, but the Rev. Young's infatuation appears to have been particularly intense. In fact, he has revealed that during his Hartford years—years generally associated with a young man's goatish season—this future congressman actually contemplated a life of celibacy. Even his victualizing fell under the Mahatma's influence, and to this day he follows, albeit loosely, the dietary precepts of Adelle Davis, the Hoosier nutritionist now deceased. What other residues remain from his Gandhian immersion are subject to speculation. Formal civil disobedience remains problematic for a UN Ambassador, even one of Mr. Young's audacity, and his public statements are refreshingly vacant of those pedagogical references that made his predecessor, Mr. Daniel P. Moynihan, so hard to take. Yet Mr. Young is always at pains to remind interviewers of his debt to the Mahatma, and perhaps it is not beyond the borders of our present meditation to recall that during his public life Mr. Gandhi was something more than your average "great soul." He prescribed and administered enemas. In point of fact, rarely did there pass a day when the Mahatma failed to query his comely female attendants as to the comparative merits of their morning bowel movements. Mr. Gandhi, like Mr. Young, was not an assiduous reader, but when he hit upon a tome that impressed him he would quote from it fulsomely. For years his favorite was *Constipation and Our Civilization*, a book whose value time has somehow obscured, but a book often pressed upon incredulous visitors to the Mahatma's Sevagram hermitage. I would like to have been in the library of the Hartford Theological Seminary when the pensive Mr. Young came upon *this* biographical information. Constipation has never been one of Andy's problems.

He is a popinjay of nigh unto constant fluency, and when he speaks it is as though the contents of Webster's Third have gone on a rampage. He is the kind of periphrastic maniac that even an Eisenhower might find inscrutable. His favored medium is the interview. There he is asked all manner of question and with the pluck worthy of a Rotary boomer from Dubuque he has at them. Rarely does he speak in phrases or even sentences; rather he emits enormous gobs of verbiage, all affixed precariously to those puny rays of intellection that, at asylums like the Hartford Theological Seminary, pass for ideas. Absolutely no question is beyond his ken. He assaults them all by summoning up some clever platitude only to lose it in a morass of utterly meaningless elaboration or to have it trampled by his own brutal contradiction. Memorable was the time he explained his charge that Presidents Nixon and Ford were racists: "They were racists not in the aggressive sense but in that they had no understanding of the problems of colored peoples anywhere....We've got to start talking about racism without putting moral categories on it so we can understand it."

Because he is adept in moral sophistry he is given to depicting in breathcatchingly portentous tones such sheer and unredeemable imbecilities as the following,

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Peregrine Worsthorne

In Defense of Class

Because all societies are in practice hierarchical, it is positively desirable that different social classes develop their own ways of life, their own "class consciousness," even at the expense of social mobility.

Let me begin this article on the very old and hackneyed subject of the British class system with at least a wholly new and original anecdote, which is nicely revealing of American prejudice against this much derided social phenomenon. Not long ago, I asked James (Scotty) Reston to have a drink with me in Boodle's, which is one of London's grander clubs. (Where else would be fitting for so august a guest?) When he arrived, rather late, his face was furrowed with concern, not to say distress.

He had, it appeared, asked for directions to Boodle's—grand London clubs have no street numbers, it being assumed that anybody using them will not need such commonplace aids to identification—from a young chauffeur who was waiting in a Rolls Royce for his master to emerge from another club lower down St. James Street. Not only did the young chauffeur cheerfully supply him with the necessary directions, but apparently gave him a conducted tour of clubland as he escorted him up the street, explaining that the Carlton Club, on the left, was for Tories, whereas Brooks's was for the Whigs, while White's on the other side of the road was non-political, although the smartest club of all, etc., etc. There was no limit to the young chauffeur's enthusiasm to impart all the clubland lore, which was the reason for my guest being late.

"But why," I asked, "are you looking so distressed, since surely such enthusiasm and knowledge in a young chauffeur should lift your heart? How encouraging to find a working man with such civilized tastes." At this Reston's look of concern changed to anger. Did I not realize, he almost shouted, how wrong it was for a young man of such obvious intelligence to be happy to remain a chauffeur, waiting outside the clubs about which he knew so much? In the United States, any young man so interested in clubs would insist on belonging himself, instead of only reading about them. "The young man's passive acceptance of his social inferiority," Reston proclaimed indignantly, "is just another example of the iniquities of the British class system."

Now that, to my mind, is a prejudiced judgment, since I do not see anything automatically undesirable about a social system which allows an intelligent working man to be happy with his lot. It could just possibly mean that his lot was such that he had good cause to want to stay where he was. Perhaps he actually enjoyed being working class, and had no desire to struggle to better himself. If that kind of attitude is indeed the product of the British class system, is it necessarily an indictment of that system? Might it not be to the system's credit?

I do not want to cheat in considering these matters. The young chauffeur may well have wanted to better himself if upward social mobility were easier in Britain than it is, as easy as it is in the United States. He may well have been deterred from making the effort to do justice to his talents by the knowledge that "making it" here involves learning a new accent and language, a new code of manners, and a new style of life to a greater degree than is the case in any other part of the western world. In other words, it is probably true that the quantity of willpower needed in Britain to climb the social ladder is greater than it is elsewhere, since a working-class boy will have to change more fundamentally than his counterpart would in less class-conscious societies.

Of course, this is not only a question of learning to eat with the right knives and forks. It goes much deeper than that. What is involved is the adoption of a different culture, different values. To some extent this is true in the United States. But not nearly to the same extent, since in Britain it is not only bourgeois ways of thinking and behaving that have to be imbibed, but feudal and aristocratic ones as well. So it is not enough merely to make money. That is only the beginning of the struggle. Over and above that difficult but straightforward challenge are ranged the endlessly baffling nuances of gentlemanly dress and deportment. That young chauffeur, for example, would not only have had to get the kind of job which would have allowed him to pay the high subscription for London clubs, but also acquire the social knowledge which would make him feel at ease in their aristocratic surroundings.

In this sense, then, the British class system does act to deter all but the most determined working-class young from struggling to escape into a superior station. To an American observer this is both unjust to the individual and harmful to the society, since it prevents the former from realizing his potential talents and the latter from benefiting from all that untapped ability.

But the question which needs to be asked—and seldom is—is whether such a system does not do quite as much good as harm. Let us consider for a moment the situation in a society where social mobility is totally unfettered by the barriers of class. In such an ideal society, all the bright children would rise to the top and all the dull ones would sink to the bottom. The hierarchy would be determined exclusively on the basis of merit. In other words, there would be no rich and stupid members within those clubs and no poor and intelligent chauffeurs waiting outside them.

Would this really be a desirable development? Plainly not. To have a society in which those on top all deserved to be there and those at the bottom all deserved to be there too, would be far from socially healthy for either group, since the one would be excessively strong and the other excessively weak. Few can doubt that a much healthier balance is achieved when those on top have to carry a lot of dead wood, which weighs them down, and those at

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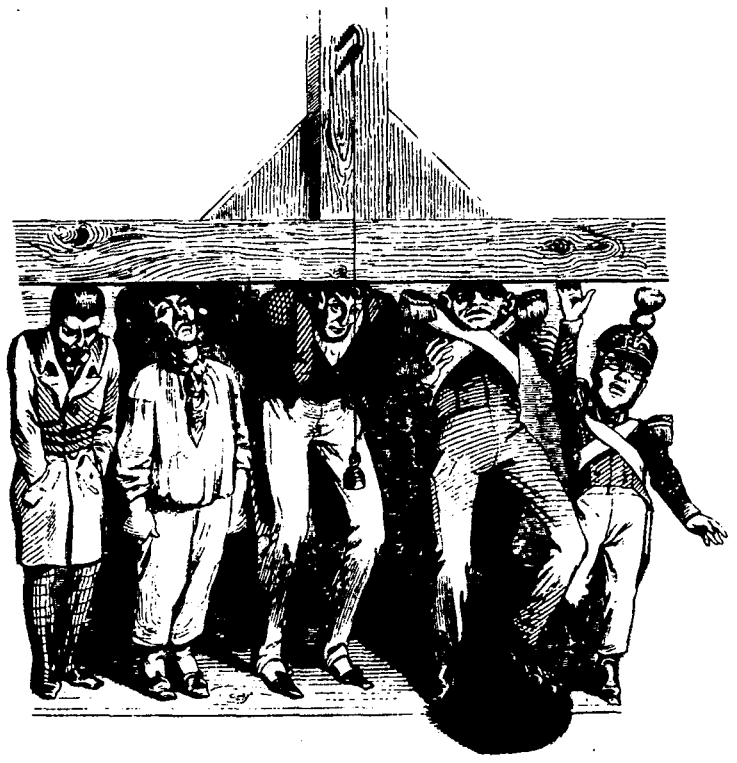
the bottom include a lot of untapped talent, which buoys them up. Such a state of affairs makes for a much healthier relationship between the top and the bottom of society, since each group is a cross section of the bright and the stupid, the quick and the slow, the well-favored and the ill-favored. A social system that saddles the top group with a lot of duds and the bottom group with a lot of stars is likely to promote much more mutual tolerance and understanding and even compassion than one wherein the sheep and the goats are all in separate pens. It is also likely to be much less oppressive, since each stratum of society will have its own share of the weak and its own share of the strong, thereby avoiding that clear-cut concentration of ability at the top of society and lack of ability at the bottom which would both facilitate and justify the dominance of the one and the subservience of the other.

So much is obvious and undeniable. What, of course, is equally obvious and undeniable is that a social system which has too many duds at the top and too many stars at the bottom is also intolerably unbalanced, since this would mean that mobility in either direction had been blocked, by the presence of excessive privilege for the top dogs and the absence of sufficient opportunities for the bottom dogs. That certainly used to be the case in Britain. There can be no doubt that in the old days, upper-class privilege and lower-class deprivation combined to make life at the top too easy and life at the bottom too hard. It was too easy for the former to avoid sinking and too hard for the latter to succeed in rising.



But that is really not the case any longer. The opportunities for the ambitious working-class child to climb the social ladder have been enormously increased, thanks to state education and a host of other forms of egalitarian legislation. Contemporary British society really is open to talent. Anybody with talent has an opportunity to make it, if they are strongly motivated to do so. And tens of thousands do. The boardrooms of British business are now filled with self-made men, as are the higher reaches of the civil service. The present leader of the Tory party, for example, is the daughter of working-class parents, as was her predecessor. To talk of contemporary Britain as a class-ridden society, as one still determined by rigid hereditary privilege, as so many American observers still insist on doing, is to talk total nonsense.

What does remain, however, is a class system, in a subtly different form, which I would maintain has much to commend it. What shocked James Reston, and delights me, is the fact that in Britain there is still awareness of class differences—class consciousness, if you like. The rich and the poor do not merely live different lives materially, but also culturally. Each has its own traditions, its own myths, its own language, its own values. To some extent this is an unfortunate legacy of history, since it leads to conflict, particularly of course in industrial relations. But it also leads to class cohesion and solidarity which means that working men in Britain, more than their counterparts in any other western society, enjoy being working class; they take pride in that status, and have no desire to avail themselves of the opportunities to become members of the bourgeoisie. The status of a working man is not a source of shame. It is a proud boast. When American workers are asked what class they place themselves in they answer "middle class," since that is how they want to think of themselves. But in Britain, they say "working class," as if proud of it, which they have every right to be.

They are proud, in essence, of having inherited a traditional way of life that enabled their forefathers to survive the appalling dislocations of the industrial revolution, which affected Britain half a century before the rest of Europe. No other working class has had so long a history of coping with these tribulations, since it was Britain's fate and/or fortune to experience them in the late eighteenth century, while they were still at their most primitive and vicious. As a result, the folk memory of the British working class is much more potent than that of its counterparts elsewhere, having had more time to grow heavy with inspiring myths and legends about the proletarian martyrs and heroes of the class struggle, with a whole literature of ballads and novels romanticizing the sufferings of the poor, and, most important of all, with a complex pattern of rituals and customs affecting dress, eating and drinking, recreation, etc., handed down from generation to generation.

These last have been much adulterated in recent years by the advent of affluence, which has manifestly done a great deal to narrow the gap between the material life-styles of the middle and working class. So far as clothes are concerned, for example, it is no longer easy to tell the two apart, since both the cloth cap and the bowler hat have been largely abandoned in favor of the classless informality of jeans. The same is also increasingly true of eating and drinking habits, since supermarket shopping is a great leveller. In the area of recreation, however, the old distinctions do still apply, with workers overwhelmingly favoring soccer and bingo, and the middle class, rugger and bridge. Housing, on the other hand, is becoming increasingly classless, as all sections of society get caught up in what is basically a suburban pattern.

Even so, beneath these material trends towards a classless style of life, there can still be found, as clear-cut as ever, fundamentally different sets of social values, with many manual workers, particularly in the north of England—where most of the heavy industry is located—steadfastly refusing to adopt the bourgeois ethic. Here lies the great divide, as broad as ever, between those who believe in the working-class virtues of trade union solidarity, of strength and security through disciplined mass organization, and those who favor the capitalist ethic of individualism, self-help, and standing on one's own two feet.

To many in the working class, this capitalist ethic still seems morally repellent, since it fails to measure up to what is so deeply rooted in their past: the sense of community, of neighborliness, and of mutual assistance, all the bottom dog virtues, that is, which enabled their forefathers to survive and triumph over the poverty of life in back-to-back slums in one of Britain's 19th-century industrial towns. This is more a moral than a political attitude, engendering among working people a formidable confidence, even a spiritual strength, rather of the same kind as that which affects war veterans who know that they can face death without flinching. Because the working-class tradition proved itself in the past, it is still cherished and honored in the present, all the more steadfastly today when the old enemy, poverty, seems bent on renewing its age-old offensive.

If this is the heritage of the class system, as it is, then surely it is something to preserve, since it is far healthier for workers to have

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a tradition of their own, with which they can genuinely identify, than that they should be encouraged, nay indoctrinated—as they are in the United States—into pretending to belong to a bourgeois tradition in which they can never truly feel at home. What is so distasteful, to my mind, about the classless facade of American society is that workers are compelled to think of themselves as middle class—there being no other respectable status—thereby rendering themselves vulnerable to abuse by the real middle class, which much enjoys mocking the impostors. The American "hard hats" or "red-necks" fall heavily and ridiculously between two stools, being neither fully bourgeois nor fully proletarian, cut off as much from the one culture as from the other.

Class consciousness, then, is far from being the unmitigated evil which many Americans believe it to be. Because all societies are bound in practice to be hierarchical, it is positively desirable that the different social classes should develop and cherish their own ways of life. (Even the Soviet Union seems to be reluctantly conceding this point.) But this cannot be done without barriers developing which unquestionably have the effect of slowing down social mobility. The existence of a proud working class, with its own traditions and values, must mean that those born within its ranks will find it painfully difficult to climb the social ladder, since such an ascent will require them to make a fundamental sacrifice: to pull up roots which are deeply embedded in fertile soil. Only those possessed of strong ambitions will be prepared to make the effort, which is why the upward thrust is so much less strong in class-conscious Britain than in classless America.

Another reason, of course, is the existence in Britain of a middle class that is much less welcoming to new recruits than its American counterpart, since it, too, has a much more clear-cut sense of its own identity. This can easily be disparaged as mere snobbery. But it is really much more than that. It is the legacy of a patrician attitude that the British bourgeoisie inherited from the aristocracy, with which it merged. The result of this merger is a British middle class with a far richer culture—richer because to the normal grit of capitalist individualism is added the extra sweetness of aristocratic *noblesse oblige*—than that of other western bourgeoisies, which also has the effect of making it more resistant to new blood. So not only is upward mobility in Britain slowed down by an exceptionally unaspiring working class, but also by an exceptionally unwelcoming middle class.

But the credit side of this situation, to which no attention is ever paid, is that most people in Britain have a much clearer idea of who and what they are than do most Americans—no small advantage in an age characterized by increasing alienation, rootlessness, and loss of identity. The categories, however, are not such as to justify arrogance on the part of the top dogs or humility on the part of the bottom dogs, since the class divisions so manifestly fail to reflect anything as simple or mechanical as social merit or value. In the old days, again, this lack of what would now be called social justice or fairness in the British class system was excessive. The distribution of power and wealth bore absurdly little relation to individual talent. But today, as I have already said, this is no longer the case. What is the case is that there are still different ways of life in Britain, each with its own romance and glamor, its own snobberies, if you like. Trade union leaders, for example, although very powerful, do not want to be middle class. Nor does every intelligent worker. They prefer to stay among their own people, because this is where they feel at home.

No doubt these feelings militate against the maximum production of wealth, since they help preserve those two-nation attitudes which do so much to engender industrial strife. But they help to avoid another danger which seems to me much more fundamentally threatening: contemporary society's failure to allow working people to be themselves. A classless society is forever pressuring workers to conform to the one culture, the culture, that is, which the university intellectuals and the media approve of. Failure so to conform becomes the mark of Cain. That is very much the American experience today. The "hard hats" and the "red-necks" are made to seem barbarians. At least the British class system spares its lower orders that kind of humiliation. Feared they may be, with good reason. But they are not patronized. Since workers there must be, how much better that the social system should preserve a class structure in which they have a place of their own, instead of seeking to blend them into a bland egalitarian mix which deprives them of all their strong flavor, their distinctive taste, and their marvelously indigestible roughness of texture. □

Paul Lukacs

Remembering Randall Jarrell

When he died, Randall Jarrell was commonly considered to be one of America's finest poets, as well as a brilliant critic. For eighteen years he taught at a small, isolated women's college in Greensboro, North Carolina, and like any good teacher, he was always a student. When he found something that interested him, he wanted to know anything and everything about it, and virtually every subject held this kind of interest. His wife, Mary, has written of watching "many a sensible person who met him during one of his Enthusiasms get enthralled and leave for home sure in the knowledge that Randall's main side interest was Groddeck. The next sensible person was sure it was gear ratios; and the next, graphology." He loved football, and tennis, and motor racing (for years he read every issue of *Road and Track* magazine). Most of all he loved literature. These enthusiasms were not the result of his wanting to be an artist. Rather, they were the cause. He was in love with the world, and he wanted to know all of it. And on the evening of October 14, 1965, he was struck and killed by an automobile in Chapel Hill. He was 51 years old. His final, and best, volume of poetry, *The Lost World*, had just gone to press.

Today, twelve years later, one gets the impression that Randall Jarrell is rarely read, that he is regarded as a "minor" poet, if not a "minor, minor" poet. Yet his poetry itself is evidence that such a judgment is sorely mistaken. Jarrell was perhaps our most old-fashioned, modern poet, and in an age which virtually cries out because of its lack of truly first-rate poetry, it is tragic that we continue to ignore him. His best poems ring loud with truth—not with the fashionable or chic, but with the universal. The poet's voice is compassionate; his knowledge, insightful. Beneath the lines is what Robert Lowell once called "the merciful vision," sympathetic, illuminative—ours had we only seen. Jarrell found himself in an age and country which were both longing for definition, and unlike other poets of his generation (Lowell, Berryman, Roethke, etc.), he did not seek definition in a single, closed vision of self, in the all-

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encompassing "I." Rather, he found definition in the traditional and universal, in the knowledge that in some indescribable way, everything is one and one is everything. In so doing he denied one of the basic tenets of both Romanticism and Modernism (the strict delineation between subject and object). In so doing he wrote a poetry that was newer than anything the "new" poets were ever to produce.

Jarrell's themes—solitude, loneliness, aging, memory, imagination—are traditional and universal, yet their applications are almost always specific and personal. This, of course, is not surprising; every good poet transforms the universal into the individual. Yet much contemporary poetry seems content with only the individual application; Lowell's *Notebook*, for example, tells us much about Robert Lowell, but little about life in general. For Jarrell, as for almost all great poets, this had to be resisted.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, at the age of 27, Jarrell enlisted in a pilot-training program in Austin, Texas. Although he failed to qualify for the program, he served as a private in the Army Air Force until 1945; and while he was never in actual combat, the war certainly affected him. He was both fascinated and horrified by the machinery—the planes in particular. War and its toys were part of a world he was fighting to understand. The poems that come from this experience mark the start of his mature work. They convey a deep sense of anguish and pathos, a sense of desperate, innocent amazement:

> From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
> And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
> Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
> I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
> When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

The war became so important because it represented such a massive loss of innocence (both for himself and for others), and like so many other American writers, this was a subject which haunted him. The soldiers and pilots were in their late teens or early twenties; they destroyed cities they knew about only from grade school geography classes. In one of the finest of Jarrell's war poems, "Siegfried," a pilot has returned home, and only there, away from the noise and the terror and the violence, does he fully understand:

> If, standing irresolute
> By the whitewashed courthouse, in the leafy street,
> You look at the people who look back at you, at home,
> And it is different, different—you have understood
> Your world at last: you have tasted your own blood.

It is this theme—the loss of innocence and the memories of times "lost"—that Jarrell developed for the final twenty years of his life. Children and childhood held for him a special magic—not only because childhood is the age of innocence, but because of how adult it actually is. In the last years of his life, he published three children's books, *The Gingerbread Rabbit, The Bat-Poet,* and *The Animal Family*, and he translated two volumes of German fairy tales. Robert Watson has told of how, when Watson would ask a group of guests what they wanted to drink, Jarrell (who rarely drank at all) "was the only guest who would call for 'milk and cookies.'" He was fascinated by children, as well as by that moment when innocence dies and childhood ends. In one of his last, great poems, "The Lost World," he writes of his own childhood, and remembers what it was like to approach that moment:

> Liking that world where
> The children eat, and grow giant and good
> I swear as I've often sworn: "*I'll* never forget
> What it's like, when *I've* grown up."

Many of these later poems deal with the relationship between such memories and present experience. The narrators are often women, individuals who touch some raw nerve in us because their concerns and worries are ours. One of these women, in the supermarket, "moving from Cheer to Joy, from Joy to All," thinks:

> When I was young and miserable and pretty
> And poor, I'd wish
> What all girls wish: to have a husband,
> A house and children. Now that I'm old, my wish
> Is womanish:
> That the boy putting the groceries in my car
>
> See me. It bewilders me that he doesn't see me.

Jarrell was an American poet, which means more than being born in the middle of the North American continent. He was fond of quoting Marianne Moore's famous lines about our language: "grassless/linksless, languageless country in which letters are written/not in Spanish, not in Greek, not in Latin, not in shorthand,/but in plain American which cats and dogs can read!" Like many earlier American poets, he was constantly asking what being an American means. (His wife tells of their walking in the city and seeing their reflection in the store windows. She would wave and say, "There they are"; he would stare back and say, "America's dream.") He wrote, in simple language, of the people and things he knew. No other poet of our age has been able to capture the rhythms and movements of our language so successfully; and as he caught the rhythms, he caught the sense and ultimately the meaning. In his poetry he wanted to capture life as he saw and heard it, and it touches us because the life he caught is ours. In one of his last poems a mother is remembering her children as she looks through an old photograph album:

> I keep saying inside: "I *did* know those children.
> I braided those braids. I was driving the car
> The day that she stepped in the can of grease
> We were taking to the butcher for our ration points.
> I know these children. I know all about them.
> Where are they?"

What Jarrell did in these last poems was to face the modern American scene, with its boredom and sadness and joy, and capture it, in all its complexity, all its simplicity. As he himself said: "I identify myself, as always,/With something that there's something wrong with,/With something human."

He was a modern poet, which now means being a post-modern poet. His master was not Eliot or Pound or even Yeats, but rather Wordsworth—or Rilke, or Whitman, or Frost. Like them, he insisted on writing about ordinary subjects in a language that is actually spoken. His criticism is filled with praise for these poets, and his essays on Frost and Whitman in particular are destined for a long life. In fact, as a critic he was largely responsible for rescuing Whitman from obscurity. Perhaps one reason that his poetry receives less attention is the simple fact that he does not really fit into the jigsaw of his poetic age. Although he counted Lowell, Berryman, and Schwartz as his friends, he was not a true part of that generation. His poetry is anything but "confessional." The individual self is important, but it should not and cannot be isolated. Writing about Frost, he notes "how much this poetry is like the world." The same can be said about his own.

The complaint most often registered against Jarrell's poetry is that the style is too simple, almost flat. James Dickey has said that his lines lack "verbal energy." This is nonsense. Jarrell's lines, even the best, do lack a certain kind of energy—if one insists on comparing his work to that of the other poets of his generation. His lines do not contain the intensity of either Lowell's or Berryman's. But neither do they contain that sense of distance and artifice that one finds so often in these others. Because he is not concerned with the confessional, with the overbearing emphasis on the individual self, his poems seem more real and (to use a much abused word) more natural. Lines like the following may lack the verbal anger that is so fashionable, but they surely do not lack verbal energy:

> But be, as you have been, my happiness;
> Let me sleep beside you, each night, like a spoon;
> When starting from my dreams, I groan to you,
> May your *I love you* send me back to sleep.
> At morning bring me, grayer for its mirroring,
> The heavens' sun perfected in your eyes.

One is struck, both when reading the poems and when reading

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accounts of his life, by how genuine the man was. He was a terror as a reviewer because he simply could not tolerate bad work, and as a result he made enemies (Conrad Aiken being a famous example). The novelist Peter Taylor has written:

> If you published something he didn't like, he behaved as though you had been disloyal to him in some way—or not that so much—more as if you had been disloyal to some other friend of his—your other self, that is, your artist self. And that he would not tolerate....But oh, if you published something he liked! One winter when I was staying in London, I had two ten-page letters from him about two stories of mine he had seen in print. And if one were on the same side of the Atlantic with him, there would be long-distance telephone calls that went on and on....Once you were a student of Randall's, once you were a friend of Randall's, it was for life.

To Jarrell, one had an obligation to oneself, and to one's talent. Indeed, the two could not be separated.

Randall Jarrell was one of our finest critics. He also wrote a marvelous, witty novel, *Pictures from an Institution*. But his genius was in his poetry, which is of the first order. It is, like Wordsworth's, a poetry of the common, the ordinary, the human. It is a poetry the likes of which few can write, and the likes of which few have written. It is a poetry we must not allow to become lost. □

William H. Nolte

A Question of Faith

Last April, Malcolm Muggeridge spent three weeks at the University of Dallas as a visiting lecturer. William H. Nolte, chairman of the English department at the University of South Carolina, went to Dallas to dispute with Mr. Muggeridge on the Christian faith. The following is taken from the transcript of the conversation. —*Ed.*

Nolte: I might begin by saying that I was somewhat shaken to learn that Mr. Muggeridge is an unabashed Christian, since I have never been able to decide for myself what a Christian really was. I rather agree with that Frenchman who once said that we should never attack Christianity until it's been tried, and I am certainly not going to attack Mr. Muggeridge for his Christian views. Instead, I will begin by saying that it doesn't surprise me that various intellectuals like Malcolm Muggeridge, appalled by the emptiness and absurdity of the nihilism of, say, Sartre, have turned their backs on the modern world and affiliated themselves with the Christian myth. Now, I realize that you may object to my referring to the Christian "myth." I would like to ask, also, if perhaps your love of God is not in large part, if not entirely, a reaction against man today, whom by the way you distinguish from man as you conceive him to have been in past ages. Your devotion, in other words, strikes me as a kind of residue of your disgust for the animals that Christ was rumored to have died for.

Muggeridge: Well, of course, that is an explanation. One of the funny things about becoming a Christian in the twentieth century is that everybody like you looks around for some explanation other than the fact that one believes Christianity to be true, which, indeed, is the only basis on which anyone could become a Christian. A lot of my friends—old friends—regard my Christian faith as a sign of total senility. Others not so well disposed think it's due to the fact that as the capacity to engage in sins of the flesh diminishes with advancing years, one solaces oneself by denouncing them. This is another explanation. And *your* explanation is that I find myself so at odds with contemporary man that I find it inescapable to look towards a God. It's equally untrue, in point of fact, and for two reasons. First, I don't think that contemporary man is a more despicable or more unsatisfactory figure than man was a century ago or five or ten centuries ago. Secondly, I think the essential thing about man, and the thing that takes one straight to God, is that he is a fallen creature. And the intimations of his being a fallen creature do vary from time to time and, of course, one is more aware of them in one's own time. But that is not the essential point. What has led me to take this position is a realization that man cannot live simply in terms of his own humanity, that it is not possible for him to create a kingdom of Heaven on earth. In other words, he needs a God, needs some sort of transcendental perspective to understand the nature of his own life and to make that life bearable. You said at the beginning that you didn't know what being a Christian was, and I would just like very briefly to point out that being a Christian is being a follower of Christ, which is a perfectly clear, straightforward thing. The New Testament conveys the life and teaching of Christ and also the drama of his death, passion, and resurrection and all that followed therefrom. To be a Christian is to base one's life on those events and that drama.

Nolte: Well, my objection is that you are basing your convictions purely upon an irrational faith. I would even go so far as to say that faith *must* be irrational since it does not place any particular importance upon empirical evidence. I have no objections, mind you, to a man's having faith in whatever, so long, anyhow, as his faith doesn't constitute a public nuisance, but I think you'll admit that a person could have faith in some particular thing or abstraction and that that faith would act as an aid to him or a crutch. But that faith need not necessarily be in, say, the person of Jesus. For example, George Santayana once wrote that his atheism, like Spinoza's, is true piety towards the universe, and denies only gods fashioned by men in their own image to be servants of their human interests. That strikes me as being an excellent definition of my kind of atheism. I would be considered an atheist by many people even though I do believe in a certain divine force. But I object to the belief in anthropomorphic gods. If one didn't want to choose Jesus, one could choose one of the Greek figures or any number of the thousands of gods who are, or were once thought to be, omnipotent, omniscient, eternal—Aztec gods or whatever. This reminds me of Mencken's definition of faith, which I'll read to you since it's always been a favorite of mine. "Faith may be defined as an illogical belief in the occurrence of the improbable. There is thus a flavor of the pathological in it; it goes beyond the normal intellectual process and passes into the murky domain of transcendental metaphysics. A man full of faith is simply one who has lost (or never had) the capacity for clear and realistic thought. He is not a mere ass: he is actually ill. Worse, he is incurable, for disappointment, being essentially an objective phenomenon, cannot

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Malcolm Muggeridge is the author of many books on Christianity, including Jesus: The Man Who Lives *and* Something Beautiful for God. *He has published two volumes of his memoirs,* Chronicles of Wasted Time, *and is presently writing the third. William H. Nolte is a regular contributor to* The American Spectator.

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permanently affect his subjective infirmity. His faith takes on the virulence of a chronic infection. What he says, in substance, is this: 'Let us trust in God, Who has always fooled us in the past.' " Can we trust in God if that trust does tend to fool us, and if we have no better evidence for believing than just the desire to believe?

Muggeridge: The definition of faith by Mencken has all the characteristics of Mencken. That is to say it's well written, it's piquant, and it's utterly superficial. Mark Twain, as a matter of fact, produced the same idea in a very much briefer form. What Mencken is saying in effect is that looking back on the history of Christendom—on the whole of Christian civilization and everything that it has produced—the people responsible for all these great achievements are nincompoops; that not a single one of them —whether it was the builders of Chartres Cathedral, or the painters of Renaissance Italy, or the saints and mystics—had anything like the grasp of the nature of human life and reality and truth that he, Mencken, had; that a man on the *Baltimore Sun* in the first part of the twentieth century exceeded in wisdom and perceptiveness all the makers and creators of 2,000 years of Christian civilization. That's point number one. The second point I have to make is this: In a way, it's not much good bandying to and fro these ideas because your view of faith, as Mencken's, is so utterly unlike what I mean by faith that it's almost impossible that we should find any common ground for considering it. To me, faith is not an acceptance of defeat, but rather the projection of understanding. It is the source of all the truly profound insight that has ever been achieved by human beings in the course of their history, and specifically for us as Western Europeans, in the last twenty centuries. Mencken would say that a man like St. Augustine was a credulous idiot; that a man like Pascal—who was one of the most brilliant scientists of his time, and to whom, even on his own criteria, Mencken would be forced to accord a high place—was simply beating the air in the *Pensées*.

Nolte: I believe that Mencken would admire—in fact I know that he admired Pascal.

Muggeridge: How could he? The conclusion of the *Pensées* is that the intellect is a washout, that it's a cul-de-sac, that knowledge as such leads nowhere, and that man's only hope on earth is faith. How could Mencken admire such a conclusion?

Nolte: But was it faith that enabled Pascal to be a good scientist?

Muggeridge: It is utterly unimportant whether it was or not. That's like asking whether it was faith that enabled a man to win the football pools. Pascal explains in the *Pensées*, first, how he arrives at faith and, secondly, the illumination of life in all its aspects that faith brought to him. And we have to reckon with people like that. It's no good saying that Christendom went on for 18 or 19 centuries, and that its art and its literature and its thought and everything about it was due to a lot of deluded half-witted people.

Nolte: No, no.

Muggeridge: And that suddenly in Baltimore a light shone and there was a man who could see that the whole of this was just self-deception.

Nolte: Well, Mr. Muggeridge, that's why he was called the Baltimore Sage. But you, of course, are being humorous in insisting that Mencken considered himself more intelligent than all those who went before him.

Muggeridge: I am not saying that he considered himself more intelligent necessarily, because I admire Mencken, too. I think he was a splendid journalist and I admire anyone who excels at journalism. What I am saying is that his definition of faith, if you're going to take it at its face value, rules out the contributions of people like Pascal. That's all. I don't think we ought to go on too long just on the question of faith. We've got to agree to differ on that, and you've got to allow me to say that there is a dimension in human thought, in man's attempt to grasp the nature and circumstances of his existence, that is not purely factual or intellectual, and that has been called faith; and that—throughout our civilization—I would say throughout all civilizations—faith has been an extremely fertile and rewarding approach to the dilemmas of human life. If we could agree on that, then we could proceed.

Nolte: I think we can agree on that, although I would put in this qualifier: Many men have lived, worked, accomplished a great deal, and then died without having had any faith in an abstraction. For example, Charles Darwin, who I think was one of the great men of all time.

Muggeridge: I think he was a pest.

Nolte: A moment ago you remarked that man was a fallen creature. I like to think of him as being a risen creature, one that has risen out of the carbon, out of the mud. But I know that you object to evolution.

Muggeridge: I think it will be a subject of derision among posterity. There might be some grain of truth in it, but in my opinion the degree to which it has been accepted, and above all the deductions that have been made from it, will strike posterity as rather funny. Actually Darwin himself—although I think he was a pest in that he promoted one of the great errors that have afflicted the human race—was a man of exceptional sensitivity and diffidence, and there is much reason to suppose that he was by no means pleased with the results of the application of his theory.

Nolte: He was honest enough, mind you, to accept the coin where it fell by reading the facts as he discerned them and then arriving at a conclusion that was inductive, not deductive.

Muggeridge: But I think that he was very doubtful about the arrogance with which people like Huxley applied it. I think this worried him greatly. Curiously enough, I recently read the *Voyage of the H.M.S. Beagle* in a rather beautiful illustrated edition, and I was struck by the degree to which Darwin's actual conclusions were both extended and made more dogmatic. Of course, he undoubtedly concluded that all the different species were connected with one another, and the very beautiful pictures by the artist with him on the *Beagle* supported such a notion. But as I was reading I reflected that, after all, they could also be related to one another because they had the same creator. Imagine a roomful of all Rembrandt's paintings, from the very earliest to the very last, and suppose that someone goes into the room who knows nothing about Rembrandt or who had painted the pictures. Would he not reach the conclusion that the paintings were obviously related to one another? As indeed they were, being all by the same hand, *viz.*, Rembrandt's. So all creation is by the same hand, *viz.*, God's.

Nolte: You are avoiding the essential problem. How on earth can you prove the existence of a deity except through, as you say, faith, which is not satisfactory proof. Faith really is based not on empirical evidence but on nothing more than man's wish to prolong life, his wish to abolish death, his wish to know the unknowable. And the more we learn about the cosmos, the fewer questions we have to ask that were once answered with such firmness by the Fathers of the Church in the Middle Ages. For example, you are a great admirer of Pascal. I too am an admirer of Pascal, although I have always been astonished that people would use his famous wager as a means of praising him since that wager has always struck me as being the most pragmatic and even degrading form of self-aggrandizement imaginable. You remember the wager?

Muggeridge: Oh, I know it well.

Nolte: It is an either/or question which assures the true believer of winning one way or the other; all he need do is simply believe.

Muggeridge: I've read the passage many times because this is one of the things that is held against Pascal, and I think that in your presentation of it there is a total misunderstanding. What Pascal is saying in effect is that through faith we are aware of eternity, and that we can accept this faith and realize what eternity is, or we can reject it. And then, in order to illustrate his point, he says it is as though he were offered a wager as to whether or not God exists. The wager, though, if you'll forgive my saying so, is not intended to be taken literally. This is, Pascal insists, a truly wonderful bet in which if you win, you win everything; if you lose, you lose nothing. Of course, the good man, in postulating such a wager, was risking being taken *au pied de la lettre*, and should have realized that his words were going to be scrutinized by agnostics and atheists; and agnostics and atheists, in my experience, are the most humorless people the world holds.

Nolte: In other words, Voltaire, Mark Twain, Mencken—those men weren't humorous?

Muggeridge: They lacked the essential element in humor that

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you find in a truly religious writer, like Cervantes, like Gogol, like Shakespeare; that magical humor which sees the real comedy of man precisely in his position, his balancing position, between time and eternity.

Nolte: Am I going to ask you now to prove to me that there is a God, Mr. Muggeridge?

Muggeridge: No, you're not, because if you do you will be wasting your time. I can't think of any more unrewarding exercise.

Nolte: It would be rewarding to me.

Muggeridge: No, no, it wouldn't because, first of all, it wouldn't convince you even if I could prove the existence of God, and, secondly, because you are asking me to do something in one dimension in relation to something in another dimension. It would be like saying to me, "Prove to me that you love your wife."

Nolte: I give her a present every 12 months.

Muggeridge: Yes, you could bring up a few small points like that, but would they in the totality prove that you loved her?

Nolte: Of course not.

Muggeridge: Of course not. Why not? Because love is something much greater than all the different small manifestations that it has on earth, and so, believe me, is our Creator.

Nolte: But I'm not asking you to prove an emotion, I'm asking you to prove an existence.

Muggeridge: Yes, but of course this is just silly, because you are asking me, a finite man, living in time, with a finite mind, to use that little mind to prove to you the existence of something infinitely greater, something in eternity, in whose purposes I am a tiny participant. You are asking a microbe to prove the existence of the giant on whose carcass it is living. This is childish. Nobody has ever tried to do this until our time, and it is part of the imbecility of science to have reduced people to thinking that there is nothing in the universe whose existence we can't prove or disprove, in terms of our own little limited standards.

Nolte: Mr. Muggeridge, a moment ago you spoke of the great destiny of mankind, and it seems to me that his destiny is obviously to oblivion. He has been with us—what?—three or four million years now, and that he will last that much longer is pretty difficult to believe. He is a species who has come into being and will go out of being. Looked at in cosmic terms, it is difficult for all of us—and I think it's very difficult for you—to view things other than in anthropomorphic terms. Or anthropocentric terms, I should say. Your deity, for example, is anthropomorphic.

Muggeridge: Not mine. When Shakespeare brings a ghost onto the stage, he presents that ghost in the lineaments of the person the ghost once was. But that doesn't mean that Shakespeare thinks ghosts are like that. It simply means that that is the only way in which he can convey to human beings the presence of a ghost on the stage. In the same way God became incarnate because it was the only way he could convey a divine presence in the world. I would say that all this talk about mankind having existed for so long, mankind becoming extinct, this being the total story of man, is completely nonsensical.

Nolte: It is nonsensical because that's not the complete story of man. There are, after all, some excellent stories about man and I'm not convinced that there isn't a little good left in him yet. I agree with you, though, that there is not an awful lot.

Muggeridge: But what you're suggesting is that when *Homo sapiens* dies out, so many million years hence, it will be as though the species had never been; that the whole of the universe was created and man came into existence in order to go through that process and then be extinct. Curtains. *Exeunt omnes*. I think that is the most ridiculous proposition ever. In the most primitive human beings, as in the most developed and intelligent and imaginative, we find intimations all the time, in their work, in their dreams, in their hopes, in their faith—I use that word again—of belonging to an existence which transcends this one. The notion that somehow or other there came into existence a universe; that somehow or other through millions of years this rather ridiculous little species that you and I belong to would exist in it, would perform certain wonders of science and civilization, and then would expire—such a view has been inconceivable to human beings from the very earliest times and will never be conceivable to them. Of course there will be periods of time, like now, when men have so lost their contact with the transcendental aspect of life—an aspect totally left out in your calculations—that to them it seems inconceivable that there should be any projection of this finite existence in time into an infinite existence in eternity. Such a view leaves out of account everything that has been truly great in all human history.

Nolte: No, I do not see how I am leaving any of that out. It's just that I disagree with you when you say that it is inconceivable that this creature, man, should perish. Whereas, it seems to me that it's inconceivable that he won't perish. We do reside in a world of flux, just as we reside in eternity, and I see no reason for one's having to have faith in order to grasp the vastness of eternity—to realize how unfathomable that vastness is.

Muggeridge: Then let me ask you this. If you believe in eternity, do you mean that man has no part in eternity?

Nolte: He has a part only during the time he lives in this world.

Muggeridge: Then while he's on this earth, he *has* a part in eternity.

Nolte: Oh, absolutely, as did the dinosaur.

Muggeridge: And you think that when he dies—as did the dinosaur and as will all created things—his part in eternity is terminated totally. But then eternity goes on, and man has no subsequent part in it, according to you.

Nolte: The much larger and more important world outside, of which man is a very finite part, will continue on as if man had never resided on this lovely globe.

Muggeridge: And in that sense, he's played no part in it at all.

Nolte: He will have played his part in the past tense—he *will have* played it.

Muggeridge: But it will make no difference and it will leave no dent.

Nolte: Not upon the essential beauty and harmony of the universe.

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Muggeridge: Therefore, there's no particular point in his having existed.

Nolte: No.

Muggeridge: None at all?

Nolte: No.

Muggeridge: I don't know, then, how you can account for those achievements in the course of man's existence in which you, as a very fine scholar of literature and a great appreciator of literature, take such pleasure. We were talking as we came in about Dr. Johnson, for whom we share a great admiration, weren't we? On your showing, Johnson existed as, it might be, a midge or a dragonfly exists. For a little while he measured his wits against eternity, for a little while before he was snuffed out, and with his snuffing out it was as though he had never existed.

Nolte: Johnson made an impression—as did Shakespeare an even larger impression—upon those people who were or are aware of him.

Muggeridge: Yes, but they are going to be snuffed out.

Nolte: Of course they will.

Muggeridge: Right.

Nolte: But think of all the people who have resided on the earth, of whom we are not aware. What impression did they make upon you or have they made upon me? None. What I'm saying is that our species, once it is extinct, will no longer play a part in the working out of the cosmic scheme.

Muggeridge: And nothing that it's achieved will have in any way affected the cosmic scheme—which I call God's purpose for his creation?

Nolte: Only during the time that man was here.

Muggeridge: And, therefore, if by some accident man hadn't happened, the working of the cosmic scheme would be precisely the same?

Nolte: I don't see how it could have changed. Because a lot of time existed before he was here, and a lot will exist after he's gone. His brief candle flickers between the two enormities of Before and After. Shakespeare's Macbeth said it all in his "Out, out, brief candle" lament.

Muggeridge: In all our discussion we've left out what to a Christian is the essence of all truth. I refer, of course, to the Incarnation. It is in the Incarnation that the relationship of finite man and infinite God is dramatized. The Incarnation, that is to say, provides an essential drama, which means nothing to you, but to a Christian exactly embodies what we are talking about. You say, there is this universe and in some way or another—we don't know how—man came into it. Then man lives in it for so many billions or whatever it may be of years. During that time he produces art, literature, geniuses of all kinds, he speculates, measures his strength, delves into what that wonderful anonymous work of 14th-century Europe calls "the cloud of unknowing"—all these things happened, and then, finished. He's gone, and all he achieved has gone, and it has made absolutely no difference.

Nolte: To whom could it have made any difference? Except to himself?

Muggeridge: To anyone who has, through faith, grasped this transcendental dimension of life it makes an enormous difference—only I quite agree that it's a difference that cannot be understood and experienced except through the central Christian concept of God becoming a man and a man reaching up to God. Without that, I entirely agree that this emptiness you speak of has got to be accepted. But I don't accept it; and countless Christians have not accepted it. And countless Christians through their writings, their lives, their devotions, through every aspect of their existence have manifested that they don't accept it. And the accumulated experience and faith of these people is there to be seen, to be read, to be looked at; for instance, in Chartres Cathedral.

Nolte: I won't argue about the beauty that man has created nor will you, I am sure, argue about the nuisance he's created. I always remember Nietzsche's remark about the earth having a skin and that skin having many diseases, one of those diseases being man.

Muggeridge: And do you know what another was, the most awful of all? It was called Nietzsche.

Nolte: Incidentally, I object to most of Nietzsche because he simply takes the God that had died in the minds of men and puts that God into man himself. In other words: "There is no God, ergo, man is God." *Übermensch*. And I object to that even more than I object to the other.

Muggeridge: I am delighted. That is a sign of grace in you. Anyway, quite properly he was put in a padded cell, wasn't he? And died in a lunatic asylum?

Nolte: Wait now, some saints have died mad too.

Muggeridge: What saint are you thinking of?

Nolte: If I were to name them you would accuse me of infidelity, of sacrilege.

Muggeridge: Would you say Blake died mad?

Nolte: No, Blake was mad to begin with.

Muggeridge: Yes, his madness bore beautiful fruit too. You see, Nietzsche's bore ugly fruit.

Nolte: In most of your writing, Mr. Muggeridge, you object to the fact that man today has no faith in anything other than the things of this world. That is, you speak of his faith in the pursuit of happiness, faith in material things, faith that is nonsensical, needless to say. But I sometimes wonder if Robinson Jeffers wasn't correct when he spoke of our age as being a great age of faith. Let me read you a few lines from a poem written in the 1930s:

How many turn back toward dreams and magic, how many children
Run home to Mother Church, Father State,
To find in their arms the delicious warmth and folding of souls.
The age weakens and settles home toward old ways.
An age of renascent faith: Christ said, Marx wrote, Hitler says,
And though it seems absurd we believe.
Sad children, yes. It is lonely to be an adult, you need a father.
With a little practice you'll believe anything.

And then this one line following: "Faith returns, beautiful, terrible, ridiculous."

Muggeridge: But, I'm not very impressed with that, partly because it's a cheap trick to equate faith in God with faith in the other figures that he lists there. I find that quite unimpressive. In fact it is what I've always found with the agnostic—what happens to him in the end is that he becomes sentimental. That is a very sentimental quote which a poet like George Herbert, who really did have faith, would have demolished.

Nolte: Jeffers, incidentally, was a very religious man.

Muggeridge: Yes, but not in my sense.

Nolte: No. Jeffers was religious in what is more nearly like a Wordsworthian sense, a pantheistic sense. He worshipped the god of atoms, the god who reveals himself in the atomic consistency of the universe. But he was appalled by man's worshipping his fellow man—in brief, by his anthropocentric delusions.

Muggeridge: The only thing I knew about Jeffers was that he consorted with that ludicrous collection of human beings around D.H. Lawrence at Taos. That's the only thing that I can remember. Actually somebody cut off his ear there. Do you remember that?

Nolte: Jeffers did go to Taos—he never met Lawrence.

Muggeridge: No, but he met those dreadful harridans who lived around Lawrence.

Nolte: Yes.

Muggeridge: And he was having his hair cut by one of them and she cut off his ear very properly.

Nolte: No, that was van Gogh.

Muggeridge: It was Dorothy Brett, a deaf lady and a friend of Lawrence who, as is recorded in Mabel Dodge Luhan's memoirs, cut off his ear.

Nolte: Jeffers'?

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Muggeridge: Well, only a bit of it—it bled. She was cutting his hair for him. Like all these harridans who gathered around Lawrence, an atrocious woman. And so that's all I really know about him. In light of it, however, it doesn't surprise me to find in those lines an appalling sentimentality.

Nolte: There you go, you see. You are connecting whom he knew with what he said.

Muggeridge: That's true, that's true. But I don't think much of the lines. With all respect.

Nolte: Let me ask you one further question.

Muggeridge: Please.

Nolte: Your memoirs, which I am delighted by, are entitled *Chronicles of Wasted Time*. In the dark abyss of the night, I sometimes wonder what on earth you could have done with your life, better than you have done, and are doing? Why do you call it *Chronicles of Wasted Time*? What better could you have done?

Muggeridge: Well, I'm sure I don't have to say to you that that line comes from Shakespeare's sonnets.

Nolte: I knew that.

Muggeridge: "Wasted" in that sense, of course, does not carry —and again I don't have to say this to you—precisely the same meaning as "wasted" does today. It means consumed. Like a candle wasting. It is a phrase I like very much, and I was really saying almost what Proust said—*A la recherche du temps perdu*—that it was wasted time, time that had gone, that had been consumed. And these were the chronicles of time that had been consumed. But I do think, as a matter of fact, that I did waste quite a lot of time, as almost anybody who looks back on his life must feel; perhaps, I was more guilty than others. You waste time when you do or say second-rate things when first-rate things are available.

Nolte: But one cannot always say first-rate things. Even Shakespeare, after all, limped at times.

Muggeridge: No, but what I mean is that you *deliberately* or for interested motives relate yourself to the second-rate when the first-rate is accessible.

Nolte: Have you never sacrificed sense for a melodious phrase?

Muggeridge: Well, *touché, touché*.

Nolte: That's an error that any fine writer would make.

Muggeridge: It is an error, but the point is that insofar as one has *chosen* the second-rate, and there's a great deal of choosing of second-rateness in life, perhaps particularly today, time was wasted.

Nolte: In what instance were you doing the second-rate?

Muggeridge: Oh, in hundreds of ways. In journalism, for instance, there is an inevitable pursuit of the second-rate. There has to be because journalism is for today, and what is for today predominantly consists of the second-rate.

Nolte: Then give me an example of the first-rate.

Muggeridge: The first-rate is simply any single thing in one's life, any single relationship in one's life, that truly aspires after what is perfect.

Nolte: What is that?

Muggeridge: What is perfect is what fulfills in the highest degree man's destiny as a citizen of what Augustine called the City of God, not just as a sojourner in the Earthly City, which he rightly says disappears along with the earth itself, and which you say is the story of man. □

F.S. Manor

Fevers of Rebellion

Craving self-determination and status, Irishmen murder their fellow Irishmen, Basques slaughter Basques, Arabs massacre Israeli athletes, and South Moluccans hijack Dutch trains.

Only three people had ever understood the Schleswig-Holstein question, Viscount Palmerston, old and gouty, said apropos of yet another separatist imbroglio that from 1850 until 1864 convulsed Europe: One was the Prince-Consort and he was dead; another was a German professor and he had gone mad; the third was himself, and he had forgotten all about it.

Some such dictum could be applied to every separatist movement now afflicting our world. To list them all would probably fill a greater part of this magazine; so suffice it to say that they threaten the existence of Canada, Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and, given half a chance, the Soviet Union. There is a separatist movement in almost every country of Asia and Africa: In Lebanon such movements have wrecked what 18 months ago was a highly prosperous country; in Iraq, the Kurds are fighting a desperate guerrilla war; the Nagas want to secede from India; the Tamils from Ceylon; the Meo hill tribes from Laos and Cambodia; the Karens from Thailand and Burma; the Ibos from Nigeria; and on and on.

Meanwhile, new separatist movements arise, such as that of the Palestinians, an entity artificially created by the British in 1918, when the Ottoman heritage was carved up by Britain and France. With the end of the British mandate in 1948, the Palestinians more or less vanished, the West Bank having been annexed by Jordan and the Gaza Strip being under Egyptian rule. Much was heard about Arab terrorism, and there were Palestinians in refugee camps, but nobody then spoke of a "Palestinian homeland." However, in 1967, following the Six-Day War, a band of determined men created a spurious nation and a genuine terrorist organization, and today hardly a day passes without the issue of a future Palestinian state being discussed by statesmen, international organizations, and the media.

Indeed, where separatism and nationalism are concerned, anything goes. This summer, the Indians and Eskimos of Northern Canada met to discuss the creation of an independent native state in Canada's Arctic. Thus, old issues find no solution, while new ones are constantly being added.

Most authorities argue that separatism is the misshapen offspring of 19th-century nationalism. This, however, is to take too short a view of history. Dreams of empires, commonwealths, and supranational bodies have all foundered on the rocks of man's innate parochialism. It is a narrow-minded clannishness succinctly

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parodied in a *Punch* cartoon of 1854. The picture shows two English rustics discussing a passerby:

"Who's 'im, Bill?"

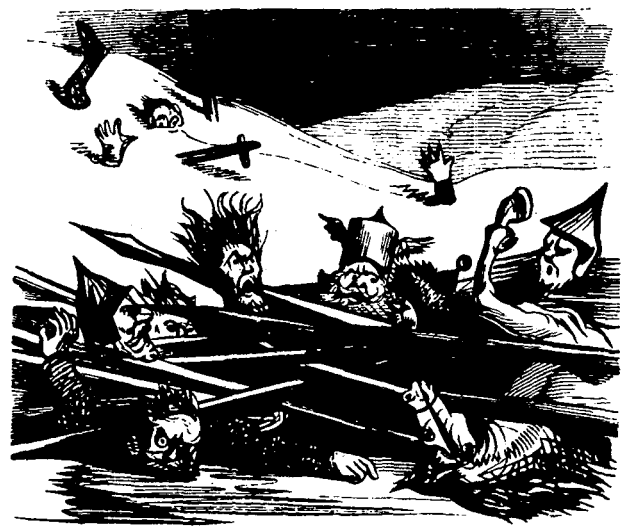
"A stranger."

" 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!"

To this day a Roman or a Milanese who buys a holiday home in an Italian village is always referred to as *forestiere*, a foreigner (etymologically: a barbarian who emerged from the unfriendly forest). What we witness here is a fissile clannishness of "us" and "them," yet the "us" need not be derived from a "common tie of blood relationship" as postulated by the German ideologues who inspired Germany's "war of liberation" against Napoleon. Often the clannish cohesion against all outsiders arises fortuitously out of shared experience, as in an army platoon, or even a tank crew. It represents a peculiar fragmentation of common humanity, a built-in defect of the human psyche.

One could thus begin with the Old Testament: After all, it was biblical Israel that separated from Judah and we still have to live with the consequences. However, an illustration from ancient Greek history will do.

In 428 B.C., Mitylene and Lesbos, Athens' allies upon an equal footing and paying no tribute to Athens, revolted against the Athenian imperial power. Or, to put it in contemporary terms, their inhabitants, *who spoke an Aeolic dialect*, seceded. Mitylenean envoys then travelled to Sparta to appeal for help "in the spirit of Hellenic patriotism." The envoys spoke of their islands' security, but no doubt one of the prime motives of the islands' secession was their distinct dialect. As a mid-19th-century British historian, George Grote, wrote, the revolts of the allies against the Athenian empire "were revolts of instinct much more than consequences of oppression."



It has always been instinct, never reason. The medieval internecine wars between Italian city-states are particularly apt examples of the irrationality of separatist sentiments. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, every city-state in central and northern Italy contained a faction that sought alliances to achieve power and expel the opposing party. The cities were thus prey to perpetual intrigues, armaments, leagues, corruption, and treason.

In 1232, Verona "separated" from Milan, which headed the Guelph (pro-papal) League; and in 1237, at the battle of Cortenuova, Milan and its allies, the cities of Alessandria, Como, Crema, Vercelli, Piacenza, and Novara, were defeated by the Ghibelline (pro-empire) forces led by Verona, Vicenza, and Padua. In 1339, Bologna struggled to separate from Milan, and so it went on all over Italy, with a rebellious faction within a city achieving separation and a reversal of alliances at the expense of the ruling faction; whereupon the latter would rally and expel the rebels, and the whole process would begin again *da capo*.

As Jacob Burckhardt wrote in his classical work, *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, in the 14th-century Italian republics and tyrannies we detect for the first time "the modern political spirit of Europe, surrendered freely to its own *instincts* [italics added], often displaying the worst features of unbridled egoism, outraging every right, and killing every germ of a healthier culture."

But let us bow to the academics and their theory that we are dealing here with a modern phenomenon, a nationalism begat by the French Revolution. I have grown up amidst this nationalist ferment at a time when people killed one another over the life-and-death issue of a street-name: whether it should be in Czech above and in German below, or vice versa (or in Italian above and German below; or in Polish above and Ukranian below; *ad infinitum*). In those days one did not speak of separatism. The vogue expression was "irredentism," a term coined in late 19th-century Italy and coming from *terra irredenta*, unredeemed land.

Somewhere, there was a piece of land occupied by others but rightfully belonging to the Germans (the Sudeten, for instance), to the Slovaks, the Poles, the Lithuanians, and so on, and so on. Today the same idea continues to inflame the hearts of the Palestinians, the Irish Republican Provos, the Kurds. Somewhere there always is a minority that wishes to separate and lead an independent existence; or one that wishes to link the land it inhabits with a country with which it professes to have a close kinship.

The latter has now largely gone out of fashion. Ireland, Cyprus (the slogan of *enosis*, i.e., union with Greece, was resurrected by the late Archbishop Makarios in mid-July, shortly before his death), South Tyrol, or the Somali-inhabited parts of Ethiopia are examples that readily come to mind. But mostly, the minorities wish to become independent and join the United Nations, preferably as veto-wielding powers.

That this intolerant, destructive nationalism receives warm support from our contemporary liberal *chic* may sound incongruous, yet the attitude has deep roots in the history of liberalism. In 1843, Germans expounding Liberal doctrines in Schleswig-Holstein "stood for the 'living right' to freedom of every nation, and condemned as obsolete the 'historical right' (i.e., of supra-national kingdoms). Such historical-political exercise turned into a proving ground for Schleswig-Holstein's Young Guard that was later to unfurl the banner of liberalism." (1)

By mid-19th century, the majority of European continental Liberals had grown more nationalistic than liberal. John Stuart Mill wrote in the *Westminster Review* of April, 1849 that "nationalism makes men indifferent to the rights and interests of any portion of the human species save that which is called by the same name and speaks the same language as themselves. In the backward parts of Europe and even (where better things might have been expected) in Germany, the sentiment of nationality so far outweighs the love of liberty that the people are willing to abet their rulers in crushing the liberty and independence of any people not of their race or language."

Nothing has changed since those days. In Quebec, children of parents whose mother tongue is not English—largely Italians, Greeks, and Portuguese—must attend French schools whatever the wishes of the parents. What chance will these children have on this English-speaking continent? At home the child spoke Italian, Greek, Portuguese, or some other foreign tongue. And now, instead of English, which is an easy language to master, the child is forced to learn French, a difficult language. The child's mental capacity will be fully occupied in trying to master this foreign tongue, which few will learn properly anyhow. How many will make it to a university? How many even to a technical school? The difficulty of mastering this medium of instruction will cause a substantial percentage of the immigrants' children to drop out of school altogether. The children will know no English to break out of the ghetto. They will not know a French that is as good as that of the native French-speakers. They are being condemned by the Quebec nationalists to a life as second-class citizens. The *Quebécois*, who in a self-deprecating demagoguery call themselves "white Negroes," are willfully creating an undereducated foreign proletariat, a new class of Helots to serve their French masters in humble, non-competitive positions.

It was thus in 19th-century Hungary, which as soon as it was placed—in 1867—on an equal footing with Austria, began to

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oppress its non-Magyar minorities. It was thus in Mussolini's Italy where, in "redeemed" South Tyrol, Italian was forced upon the German-speaking minority. The dismal procession of human folly never ends.

Nor are the *Quebécois* alone in their outrageous educational policies. In Brussels, government snoopers eavesdrop on family conversations to ascertain whether the family truly speaks French at home, and thus whether its children are entitled to attend French schools.

Prof. Hans Kohn writes that very soon after its birth, "Nationalism became the self-centred demand for one's own emancipation, not the promise of a universal emancipation." (2) This has eluded most exponents of nationalism, whether they were humanitarians, such as Thomas G. Masaryk, or shrewd politicians, such as Theodore Roosevelt. It was Theodore Roosevelt, rather than Woodrow Wilson, who argued that "The Austro-Hungarian and the Turkish Empire must be broken up if we intend to make the world even moderately safe for democracy....Only in this way can we remove the menace of German aggression which has become the haunting night-mare for all civilisations, especially in the case of the small well-behaved liberty-loving peoples." (3) How well-behaved these small peoples were was vividly described by General Tasker Bliss, an aide to President Woodrow Wilson during the Versailles Peace Conference: "If I ever had any illusions, they are dispelled. The child-nations that we are creating have fangs and claws in their very cradles and before they can walk they are screaming for knives to cut the throats of those in the neighboring cradles." (4)

The lofty, liberating ideal of the nineteenth century, the liberating romantic nationalism, ended in the exaggerated and distorted form of Fascism—"as the culmination and bankruptcy of the mystical patriotism which animated the national movements of the time." (5)

The romanticism of the *Vaterland* born in Germany out of the Napoleonic Wars, and of *patria* propagated by Italy's *Risorgimento*, first degenerated into a Fascism that unleashed the Second World War, and has now been resurrected in the guise of mindless terrorism. "One of the elements of the new outlook," Prof. Isaiah Berlin writes, "is the notion that answers to problems exist not in rational solutions, but in the removal of the problems themselves by means other than thought and argument"; hence, bombs at airports; or the hijacking of Dutch trains, the peak of irrationality since there is no conceivable way whereby the Dutch could help the South Moluccans to obtain their independence. To "remove the problem" Irishmen murder their fellow Irishmen, Basques murder their fellow Basques, Arabs massacre Israeli athletes or supermarket shoppers, and Iraqis wipe out Kurdish villages.

Not so long ago a French-speaking, Quebec provincial cabinet minister was first kidnapped and then murdered by Quebec separatists. One wonders what the gospel of separatism will bring to North America: Fundamentally, there is little ideological difference between the urbane, civilized, and educated Rene Levesque, the separatist premier of Quebec, and the nomads, armed by the Soviet Union, who in the name of the Polisario separatist movement roam the Sahara desert and shoot up their opponents.

This craving for self-determination, the desire to be *maitres chez nous*, is invariably informed with an equally irresistible craving for status. A few months ago, Yassir Arafat told David Frost that the Palestinians must have their own state because he had no passport of his own. Mr. Arafat complained that he had to travel on Libyan, Algerian, and other passports, an intolerable situation. How many more lives are to be sacrificed so that Mr. Arafat can wave at customs officers a diplomatic passport issued by his own foreign office?

How much does such a craving for status influence the determination of the leaders of the *Parti Quebecois* to break up Canada? Where the nine Canadian provinces (the equivalents of states in the U.S.) have *legislatures*, Quebec, like Paris, has a National Assembly (with capital letters). Already, Quebec maintains a substantial embassy in Paris. Indeed, wherever the separatists, or irredentists, or whatever the fashionable term for ultra-nationalists may be, have achieved their aim, their first step has always been to set up foreign embassies and unprofitable national airlines. Status and ideology thus become inextricably mixed, but it is ideology that bestows a mantle of sham respectability upon nationalism, old and new.

Ideology, officially pronounced dead more than once, forever rises again, like an evil Manichaean phoenix, to cast its baleful influence upon the history of mankind.

Ideology is a tricky word: It was first coined by Friedrich Engels who defined it as "the elaboration of false consciousness," which, he wrote, was bound to disappear. "There would be an end to all ideology," Engels prophesied in 1886.

In 1955, Prof. Edward Shils, writing in *Encounter*, authoritatively pronounced "the end of ideology." Yet, officially dead, it would not lie down. It continued to rear its ugly head—as in the 1960s with the rise of the New Left—but the wishful thinking about its imminent demise continued. In 1968, Funk & Wagnalls of New York published a collection of essays on *The End of Ideology Debate*; in 1971, another collection of essays, published in Chicago, indicated by a question mark the growing skepticism about the true state of the official corpse; it was called *Decline of Ideology?* One year later, Seymour Martin Lipset, again in *Encounter*, wrote about "Ideology & No End."

The term has now been codified in the Oxford English Dictionary, which defines ideology as "a systematic scheme of ideas, usually relating to politics or society, or to the conduct of a class or group, and regarded as justifying actions, especially one that is held implicitly or adopted as a whole and maintained regardless of the course of events." Thus, the irrationality of ideology, "a prescriptive doctrine that is not subject to argument," has been duly enshrined in the code of the English langauge.

From Engels' scornful concept of ideology as false consciousness, ideology has become the proud badge of self-righteousness, whether sported by nationalists, Marxists, or present-day separatists. How proud were the nationalist ideologues of the late 1920s and 1930s: "They flattered the vanity of nations, they have fed full the arrogance with which each nation flings its superiority in the face of its neighbors." (6)

Today this ideological nationalism has been revived in the garb of separatism to bring back the horrors pithily summed up a generation ago by the late Sir Lewis Namier, the one-time dean of British historians:

> National feeling was hailed in 1848 as a great and noble force which was to regenerate Europe, and it is denounced today as an obsession which has brought ruin upon her...but from the outset it was the expression of social and political maladjustment, and has since been at least as much the vehicle as the source of destructive passions. (7)

While it may seem unlikely that the present-day destructive passions of the Breton and Corsican separatists will succeed in breaking up France, it is less unlikely that the Scots and the Irish will conspire to break up Britain, or that Belgium will fall apart; and as to Spain and the Basques, anything may happen. What,

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however, is most ominous for the future of North America is the havoc the social and political maladjustment of the leaders of the *Parti Quebécois* may wreak upon Canada.

I was a child during the First World War, a European civil war waged in the name of similar pernicious nationalism. Throughout my adolescence and young manhood I was haunted by petty national hatreds, by the "hereditary enmity" between the French and the Germans, the Hungarians and the Slovaks, the Poles and the Czechs, the Serbs and the Bulgars, the Romanians and the Russians—most of these irrational hatreds then compounded by an equally irrational and virulent anti-Semitism. Some 45 years ago, as a young reporter, I toured Greek camps housing refugees from Asia Minor, an entire Greek population expelled by Kemal Pasha from homes they had inhabited for more than 2,500 years. Last year, I toured camps on Cyprus housing Greek refugees expelled by the Turks from homes they had inhabited even longer. *Plus ca change...*

"One belief, more than any other, is responsible for the slaughter of individuals on the altars of the great historical ideals —justice or progress or happiness of future generations, or the sacred mission or emancipation of a nation or race or class," Prof. Isaiah Berlin writes in one of his essays.

A mere 35 years ago—the span of a single generation—millions were slaughtered for the great historical ideal of a thousand-year Reich. When it was over, we believed with Sir Lewis Namier that national feeling was at long last recognized for the obsession it is. A united Europe was being built. The Western world was about to reach a peak of affluence. And now, the same destructive nationalisms are back in fashion.

> It dawns upon the veterans after all
> That what for them were agonies, for us
> Are high-brow thrillers, though historical;
> And all their feats quite strictly fabulous.
> ...
> The Anschluss, Guernica—all the names
> At which those poets thrilled or were afraid
> For me mean schools and schoolmasters and games;
> And in the process some-one is betrayed. (8)

The young are betrayed, and so are we. Like the sign of Cain on our foreheads, ideology disfigures mankind's countenance, a sign that no cool reason or logical enlightenment can wash away. The ideologues still have not drunk enough of their victims' blood.

L'on immole à l'être abstrait les êtres réels; et l'on offre au peuple en masse l'holocauste du peuple en détail (One sacrifices real beings to an abstract being; and one offers to the mass of people the holocaust of individual people), wrote Benjamin Constant. He, at least, had the charms of Coppet to enjoy, the prospect of Lake Leman, *and* the charms of Madame de Stäel. Nowadays, Lake Leman is polluted, and the spiritual descendants of Madame de Stäel have joined Women's Lib. □

1. Otto Brandt, *Geschichte Schleswig-Holsteins* (1966).
2. Hans Kohn, *The Age of Nationalism* (1962).
3. Hans Kohn, *op. cit.*
4. Herbert Hoover, *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson* (1958).
5. Isaiah Berlin, *Four Essays on Liberty* (1969).
6. Julien Benda, *The Betrayal of the Intellectuals* (1927).
7. Lewis Namier, *Vanished Supremacies* (1956).
8. Donald Davie, *Remembering the 'Thirties* (1973).

Edward J. Walsh

The Next European War

If the Soviets were to launch a preemptive assault in Central Europe, conventional NATO forces would be unable to stop it. Would NATO governments then resort to nuclear weapons or opt for life under Soviet domination?

Since its establishment in 1949 the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has ably carried out its mission of deterring war with the Soviet Union and its allies, and keeping their vast armies from advancing westward across the Elbe. In recent years, however, in the face of ominous expansion and modernization of Soviet and Warsaw Pact conventional forces and the rapidly increasing sophistication of the Soviet strategic nuclear arsenal, it has become unclear whether NATO can still protect Western Europe. Deterrence, based on the still-plausible assumption of Soviet reluctance to risk nuclear holocaust, is now the subject of intense debate among Western military experts, who ask: Will they come? Could we stop them?

If the Soviets were to launch a preemptive assault in Central Europe, conventional NATO forces alone would be unable to stop it. The disparities in conventional forces now stand at 20,000 Soviet tanks to NATO's 7,000, 18,000 Soviet heavy artillery pieces to NATO's 6,000, and 920,000 readily available Soviet combat troops to NATO's 630,000; and the gaps are widening still.

Of course, NATO force levels in Europe have never equalled the Soviets'; but a change in American nuclear policy makes these widening gaps quite frightening. Traditionally, America's overwhelming strategic power provided the Atlantic Alliance with a credible challenge to Soviet ambitions and compensated for its relative weakness in conventional forces. That strategic superiority, however, has been considerably reduced since the Cuban missile crisis. At present, American strategic arms policy aims at "parity" with the Soviet Union through Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Moreover, the way the SALT agreements have come out, even "parity" may be chimerical. The interim SALT agreement of 1972 established a distinct Soviet advantage in missile throw-weight, expected to be four-to-one in 1980; and though Mr. Kissinger maintained that the greater accuracy of American MIRV'd (multiple independently-targeted reentry vehicle) missiles made up for the throw-weight difference, the Soviets have achieved significant breakthroughs in MIRV technology since 1972.

For NATO, the implications of this shift in the strategic balance are profound. For 28 years NATO governments have basked in the shadow of the American strategic umbrella, disdaining the grim proximity of huge Soviet armies. Although that umbrella still protects them, the lately-recognized sophistication, mobility, and depth of Warsaw Pact conventional forces make war

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in Central Europe suddenly thinkable. It is no longer certain that a conflict between East and West will lead inevitably to full-scale nuclear war. The abstract "gap" between strategic and conventional ("limited") war has widened, permitting speculation that a blitzkrieg-like attack by the Soviets would result not in an all-out nuclear exchange and the destruction of civilization, but rather in the extension of Soviet hegemony to the Atlantic. Dr. John Erickson of the United States Strategic Institute believes that the Soviets could advance seventy miles per day across the North German Plain, achieving the English Channel in ten days. Such an invasion would cost the Soviets fearfully in men and material, but it could be accomplished without resort to strategic nuclear weapons. The decision for initiating their use would therefore fall to the American President. Since U.S. strategic arms policy is based on second-strike, retaliatory capability, it is conceivable that, faced with the awful consequences of being the first to unleash the Bomb, the President would choose instead to negotiate.

This forbidding vision of NATO's future is prompted by even a cursory examination of the Soviet military presence in Eastern Europe. Thirty-two Soviet divisions are poised in the satellite countries, each operating along interior lines of communication and supply that extend directly from the munitions factories and command posts in Russia to the frontier in Germany. These forces have the capability to deploy and attack "off the march," without extensive mobilization, should the order come from Moscow. Furthermore, according to Captain Eugene Betit of the U.S. Army: "Seventy to eighty Soviet divisions could augment already deployed forces in a few weeks."

Conversely, NATO must depend on reinforcement and resupply from the United States. In anticipation of a months-long conflict, the U.S. Army annually conducts ostentatious "Reforger" exercises, in which a couple of American divisions are airlifted from the United States to "forward bases" in West Germany, there to pick up weapons and supplies with which to face the Soviet juggernaut. Unfortunately, their timetable does not agree with the Soviets': There is little chance, in the event of war, that Reforger troops would find anything but the smoking ruins of their "forward bases"—and well-armed Soviet paratroops. Except for the limited Reforger force, the bulk of NATO reinforcement must come by sea. Just in time, says Captain Betit, to meet the Russians arriving at the Channel.

At the outset, Soviet armored divisions are programmed to drive into West Germany, cutting the vulnerable supply lines of the U.S. Seventh Army, which is based in southern Germany. These crucial roads and railroads, running south from Bremerhaven on the North Sea, are the lifelines of the Seventh Army since de Gaulle evicted NATO from France in 1966. The Seventh, NATO's strongest force, is ill-positioned in the south. Should war come to Germany, it would be isolated from the brunt of the fighting, away from the sea, with the Alps at its rear.

The intensity of a Soviet invasion would shortly overwhelm the forward elements of NATO, and force them to withdraw with heavy casualties. At a crucial juncture after the initial shock, NATO leaders would face a decision on the use of tactical nuclear weapons against the massed tank formations spearheading the assault and the supply columns stretched out behind them.

Would the governments of West Germany, France, and the Netherlands permit the introduction of limited nuclear missiles and artillery shells? Soviet offensive doctrine suggests their use from the outset against key NATO installations. Nevertheless, the possibility that the West may be the first to move towards nuclear war is disquieting in Europe. In 48 hours, the forward elements of a Soviet attack may well have advanced 100 miles into West Germany, through densely populated, heavily industrialized towns and cities. Tactical nuclear warheads, though not as appallingly destructive as strategic weapons, are still "dirty," and would spew deadly radioactive fallout about the blast areas. To employ such weapons against the Russians would necessarily dictate the deaths of a large number of those civilians who have survived the Soviets' indiscriminate invasion. A further sobering question: Should the Americans be authorized to fire their nuclear-tipped Pershing and Lance missiles point-blank at the Russians? If so, where would it end? Would the Soviets fall back—or release their intercontinental ballistic missiles from submarines and silos against London and New York?

It is quite possible that NATO governments will refuse to permit the use of tactical nuclear weapons, preferring instead the fiction that the Russians can be beaten without them. A compelling speculation is that, after enduring two ravaging wars in this century, they will opt for life under Soviet domination rather than continued, bloody struggle. As Drew Middleton astutely remarked: " 'Better dead than Red' may be a viable argument in Anaheim, California; it has no relevance in Arnheim or Lyons or Turin."

There is no guarantee, however, that the inevitable large-scale butchery of soldiers and civilians will deter the Soviets from making a first strike in Central Europe, should they be convinced of the certainty of victory. Among many Western authorities, that certainty already exists. However, the argument that NATO defensive preparations are adequate also persists, based on the naive and dangerous belief that the technological sophistication of NATO weaponry, aircraft, and warning systems is more than a match for the Communist hordes. The American TOW and "Dragon" antitank missiles, for example, are considered a sufficient counterweight to the huge Soviet tank arsenal. But this assumption ignores the historic willingness of the Communists to sustain losses that would be unacceptable to the West, as well as the inherent advantage of momentum achieved by a highly mobile and numerically superior offensive force.

The Russians, spending 15 percent of their GNP for defense and weapons research, have substantially narrowed the technology gap with the West, although that gap still exists. The U.S. Navy F-14 Tomcat interceptor can locate, fire at, and hit six enemy targets simultaneously at ranges up to 115 miles. The Air Force's F-111, deployed on station in Great Britain, is faster than any Soviet aircraft, and is capable of delivering tactical nuclear weapons —a still-emphatic deterrent. But these very real NATO advantages have spurred the Russians to greater efforts, and lulled NATO into complacency. The European members of the Atlantic Alliance are certainly aware of the Soviet buildup. But they are dangerously bemused by technological gimmickry. On the other side, Soviet antiaircraft defenses are superior to NATO's best, and are deployed in vast numbers throughout Eastern Europe and around Soviet cities, manned by civilian "volunteers," including women, as well as specially trained military personnel. The Soviet AK-47 assault rifle, popular with terrorists the world over, is universally employed by Warsaw Pact troops, and is considered by many experts the equal of the American infantry rifle, the M-16.

Throughout the Warsaw Pact force structure, as with NATO, tactical configurations are intimately linked with ideology. The Soviets and their allies, preoccupied with the offensive in warfare as in politics, now mass 58 divisions, 26 of them armored, against a total of 27 for NATO. And while the bureaucracy of the NATO high

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command demands that tactical decisions be reached by consensus, commensurate with the democratic principles the Alliance hopes to defend, the Warsaw Pact Joint Command summarily executes the Kremlin's will. In addition, the centralized political control so repugnant in the West finds expression in the almost complete standardization of weapons and equipment employed by the seven armies of the Pact, an advantage NATO will never overcome. According to Dr. Gardiner Tucker, a former Assistant Secretary General of NATO, Alliance troops now possess 31 types of antiaircraft weapons, six kinds of recoilless rifles, and, at sea, 40 varieties of guns larger than .30 caliber, while NATO governments persist in a costly and wasteful multiplication of weapons research and development programs. The recent, delay-ridden competition between the Chrysler XM-1 main battle tank and the West German Leopard "II" model as the U.S. Army's choice for a "tank of the 80s" certainly added technological sophistication to NATO's variegated arsenal—along with cost overruns and a barely perceivable tactical edge. Meanwhile, the Soviet T-72 medium tank, nearly identical to the XM-1, is already being delivered to the troops.

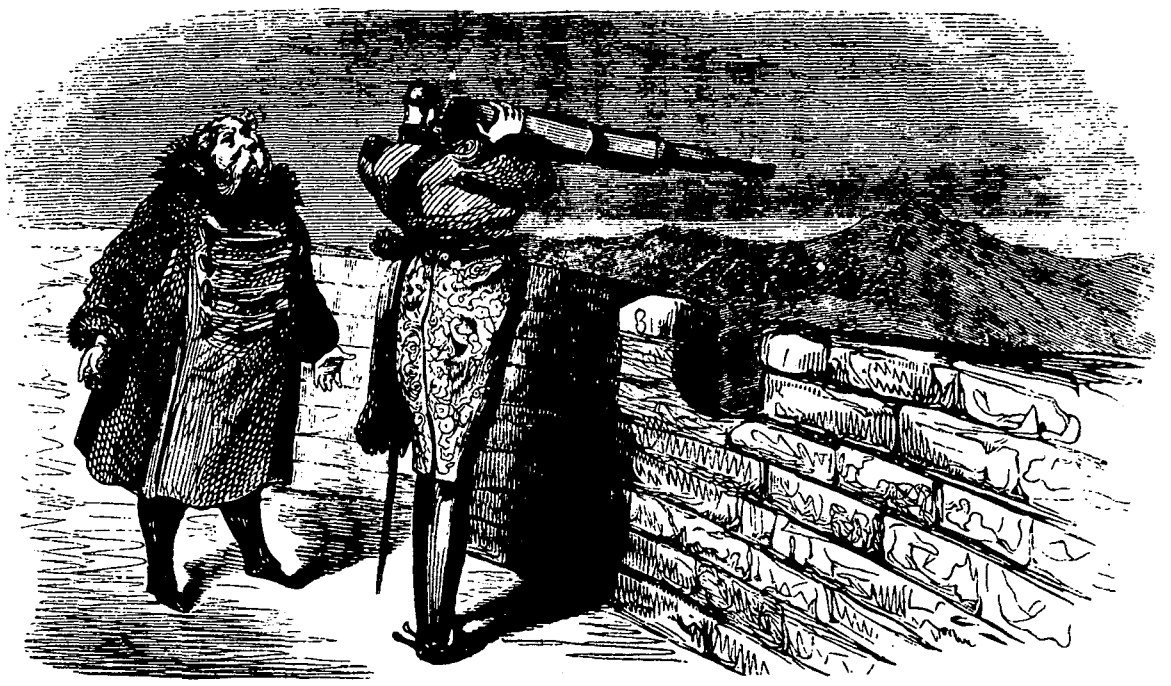
Traditionally, sea power has been NATO's undisputed strength. The Atlantic Alliance is preeminently maritime, as the USSR is geographically a land power, and the Mediterranean Sea has always been NATO's backyard. Suddenly, at the first volleys of the 1973 Yom Kippur War, the Eastern Mediterranean was filled with Soviet warships ominously cruising those sensitive waters, "projecting" Soviet diplomatic interests as forcefully as the American Sixth Fleet had previously expressed the foreign policy concerns of the United States. It became apparent to NATO that the growth of Soviet land power had complemented a similar, and even more rapid, expansion of Soviet naval strength.

Commander Hans Garde of the Danish Royal Navy has asked pointedly whether NATO has been preoccupied by the Central European "front" to the derogation of sea power. Certainly, the Soviets have not. Their new guided-missile cruisers and submarine-killing destroyers show no reluctance to pursue and harass American and other NATO vessels in the Mediterranean, risking volatile incidents at sea. The Soviet naval mission, in addition to showing the Red flag in startled ports throughout the non-NATO world, is relatively uncomplicated: to be prepared to prevent the NATO fleet from protecting the vital sea lanes on which Western commercial shipping flows and on which military reinforcements must travel to Europe from America. For this purpose, according to former American Chief of Naval Operations Elmo R. Zumwalt, the Russian navy is already more than adequate.

At the same time, the Russian fleet is still far from home, and lacks long-term anchorages in the Mediterranean at which to undergo maintenance and resupply. While it displayed a "surge power" of 80 ships during the 1973 Mideast crisis, the normal Soviet Mediterranean fleet numbers about 60 ships, mostly tenders and repair vessels. The NATO fleet sails familiar waters, in better ships, with far more capable commanders and seamen.

A crucial problem for the Soviets is access to the high seas. To reach the Atlantic from their huge naval base on the Kola Peninsula above Norway, their ships must pass through a narrow channel close to the Norwegian coast, or steam farther west around Iceland. A similar dilemma confronts the Russians at the Dardanelles, a NATO command. Currently, NATO policy calls for closing these "choke points" by aerial bombardment and deep-sea mining; there are few troops stationed adjacent to the choke points to resist Soviet amphibious landings. Should this strategy succeed, Russian submarines already at sea would be at the mercy of American antisubmarine ships and aircraft and their ability to close the sea lanes would be significantly reduced. Those Soviet ships clear of the choke points, after inflicting heavy casualties on NATO, could not last long. Nevertheless, in light of the consistent decline in U.S. and NATO shipbuilding in recent years, the damage done by even an understrength Soviet fleet may prove too costly.

With sea power, therefore, as with infantry, tanks, planes, and howitzers, it is the continuing trends that matter. Admiral Stansfield Turner, formerly Commander of Southern Forces, NATO, and now director of the CIA, has described his distrust of the fear-mongers who frantically compare numbers in a shallow "them versus us" campaign. It is pointless and self-defeating to try to mimic the Soviets in every phase of armament, ignoring the broad contrasts in missions, geographical and economic considerations, and the political aversion to defense spending which permeates NATO governments. Still, the Admiral argues lucidly, the shift in world power is undeniable. The Russians may be nervous about our gleaming F-14s and 13 nuclear-powered aircraft carriers, and about our computerized warning systems and submarine-sweeping airplanes. But they are acquiring their own, less shiny planes, and missiles, and tanks, and ships. In 1977, they have enough of them to defeat NATO. □



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THE PUBLIC POLICY
by
Fred D. Baldwin

How Polluters Should Pay

The first industry for which the Environmental Protection Agency set specific water pollution standards was the beet sugar industry, and the standards fared well against subsequent court challenges. The agency has not always been so fortunate. I once watched a corporate lawyer trace the lineage of a proposed standard through several journal articles to a small British experiment performed in the 1930s. Relishing his chance to sound like Perry Mason, he inquired innocently whether the witness thought it wise to base a regulation which would cost American industry millions of dollars on the fate, four decades earlier, of a handful of English trout. For several reasons, the proposed standard was withdrawn for reconsideration.

On another occasion the agency had to decide how many contiguous cows constitute a "feedlot." It retreated from its first position under a barrage of letters from outraged small farmers, who had been informed by a farm organization that they might be required to adopt elaborate and expensive measures to protect the environment from Old Bossy's droppings.

Such exchanges, which I witnessed as an EPA employee, are part of a running battle between industry and environmentalists, waged more or less constantly during the last several years within the federal bureaucracy, the courts, and the Congress. Whichever side wins this or that skirmish, the public must pay for bad decisions, either in higher prices or a deteriorated environment.

During this past summer, Thomas C. Jorling, an EPA official in charge of water pollution control, held a press conference to express satisfaction that 3,400 out of 4,000 major industrial polluters would be in "voluntary" compliance with a cleanup deadline legislated for July 1. He called this a "spectacular achievement." Since violators faced fines of up to $10,000 per day, "voluntary" meant that 85 percent of the nation's largest polluters had chosen not to fight the EPA's standards any further through the courts while 15 percent of them would probably do so.

Moreover, Jorling acknowledged that only about half of the 4,300 major municipal polluters would meet the EPA deadline, admitting that the agency would go easy on industrial polluters who had contracted to discharge their wastes through uncompleted municipal treatment plants. The EPA has less legal and political leverage to bring to bear on municipalities than on private firms. Hence, such contracts can effectively leave the EPA with no one to sue, i.e., in much the same position as a buyer who finds he cannot recover his payment for shoddy goods sold by a firm which no longer exists.

As a former bureaucrat I can empathize with the feeling that making a regulatory system almost work is spectacular. To a mere taxpayer, however, especially one with some concern for the environment, that does not sound like much of an achievement.

Given this state of affairs, it is time seriously to consider replacing some large part of the nation's environmental protection regulations with a system of pollution fees, which would permit many difficult decisions to be made by individual firms. Although differing in detail, proposals for a fee system have in common the notion of using market-type incentives to reduce pollution. All plans envision a tax or fee levied in proportion to the quantity of pollutant discharged (e.g., ten cents for each pound of sulphur emitted from a smokestack). When applied to water, they are usually called effluent fees; when applied to air, emission fees.

Back in 1974 the Committee for Economic Development (CED), a business-based research organization, strongly endorsed effluent fees. This year representatives of a dozen prominent environmental organizations did the same thing more cautiously in a book called *The Unfinished Agenda: The Citizen's Policy Guide to Environmental Issues*. Given the history of antagonism between environmentalists and industry, *The Unfinished Agenda* may be a politically important show of support for the idea of fees.

Translating this modest amount of agreement into workable legislation will be difficult, however, for significant differences in perspective remain. The environmentalists suggest that the fee system should be tried out for one type of pollutant, "such as sulphur dioxide," or for one type of industry, "such as paper." They also argue for keeping present regulations and adding fees in a "hybrid approach." The latter suggestion had been anticipated by the CED and condemned as the worst of both worlds—taxes on top of regulations. The CED worried that politicians might respond to a decline in revenue from fees with periodic rate increases, rather than regarding it as a sign that the system was working.

The pros and cons of fees have been discussed in a number of places. A particularly succinct analysis appeared in 1971 in *Pollution, Prices, and Public Policy* by Allen V. Kneese, who has written extensively on environmental economics, and by Charles L. Schultze, now chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors.

Kneese and Schultze maintain that fees are more efficient than regulations for they enable firms and society to arrive at the cheapest way to reduce pollution by any predetermined amount. Taxing pollutants in a plant's discharges gives it an incentive to reduce pollution up to the point where the per-pound cost of removing the taxed substance equals the per-pound rate of the fee. It also provides an incentive to find cheaper ways of controlling pollution.

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Decisions on the exact amount of pollutant removed, on pollution-control technology, and on the timetable by which cleanup devices are installed are all left to private firms competing against other firms facing similar decisions.

To understand how extensively fees might be used, it helps to grasp the regulatory system as it now exists. Under current water pollution law (legislation for air pollution control is similar), regulations apply mainly to what are called "point sources" of pollution—which basically means the end of a pipe somewhere. With an inelegance born of defining by negation, everything else is called a "non-point source"—which means runoff from fields and logging slopes, storm water that never passes through a city treatment plant, smoke from grass fires, etc.

Considered simply as a matter of quantity, most water pollution is caused by non-point sources. This pollution mainly takes the form of "suspended solids" (e.g., silt) and "BOD," which stands for "biochemical oxygen demand" and is the catchall term biologists use to refer to the oxygen-consuming effect of decaying organic matter. This does not mean that non-point sources are more important, however, for the stuff that comes out of pipes is a great deal more concentrated and more likely to include dangerous man-made chemicals.

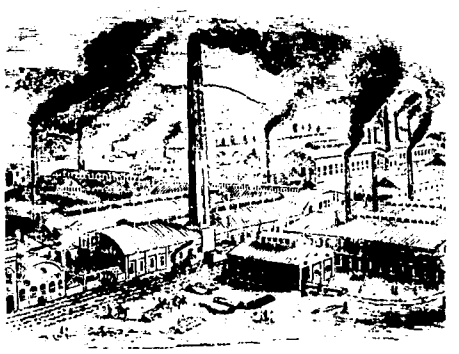
For point sources there are three different approaches to regulation now in use: regulation by substance; by air or water quality considerations; and by available technology, balanced against costs.

No one seriously suggests using a fee system to control highly toxic substances, and the CED was at pains to exclude them from its proposals. Since everything, including table salt, is toxic at some level of concentration, there are a number of difficulties in defining just what a toxic substance is, but they are not germane here. It is enough to note that there are substances which no one willingly would see discharged into the air or water, taxed or untaxed. Scientific testimony is frequently conflicting, however, about how dangerous a substance is, and the debate is usually fierce because removal of very small concentrations (often a few parts per million in air or water) is extremely expensive. It would be good to have a substitute for bureaucratic judgment in this area, but none is in sight.

The air or water quality approach to regulation, or the "end-use" theory, is historically the oldest. It explicitly attempts to relate benefits to costs. First, one identifies some body of water (or air basin). Then one decides on a standard for its use, e.g., "clean enough to swim in." Next, one translates this decision into technical terms, e.g., so many parts per million of BOD. Finally, one distributes the burden of cleaning up among the polluters discharging into the area. That last step, of course, is the big one.

The end-use strategy is favored by strict logicians and environmental consulting firms. Carried to extremes it encourages the production of elegant journal articles and baroque regulations. Until a few years ago, some states had as many as twenty different water quality standards, ranging from "drinkable" to merely "navigable." In existing federal law, water quality standards are viewed as supplements to national standards—i.e., localities can set standards which are more stringent than national ones but not less so.

The backbone of current federal environmental regulation is the technology-based approach. It requires manufacturing plants of a similar type to meet common standards based on an administrative judgment about what is technically feasible at a reasonable cost. The law requires that the EPA make such judgments only after considering such factors as the type of pollutants produced by a given industry, the availability of control technology, the costs of installing controls, and the age, size,



and manufacturing processes of an industry group. Industries are divided into many subcategories (e.g., in 1976, there were 15 subcategories for "meat products" and 49 for "inorganic chemicals"), each having its own standards, which are normally expressed in terms of some amount of pollutant per unit of manufactured product.

Under the Federal Water Pollution Control Act (1972), these technology-based standards are to be developed in two stages. By the deadline to which Jorling referred, all industrial polluters were to have complied with one set of standards. By 1983 more stringent requirements, based on "best available technology," and written with little regard to costs, are to go into effect, aiming at a goal of "zero discharge" of pollutants by 1985.

Like shoes made in one size for a hall full of men, technology-based standards are not guaranteed to fit anyone's need exactly. Businessmen object that they require more pollution control than is needed for many areas; environmentalists suspect that they are likely to require less. When consciously written to insure a modest level of pollution control, they are workable. For anything more ambitious, as Kneese and Schultze point out, technology-based standards create a dilemma: If simple enough to be administrable, they are almost certain to be inefficient; if adjusted to reflect the diversity among more than 50,000 industrial dischargers, they are likely to be too complicated to administer.

What a regulatory agency regards as fine-tuning, the rest of the world may see as simply fiddling. Within eight months of their issuance, the EPA's first-round water regulations (for 30 industries with 186 subcategories) were the subject of 155 lawsuits. The volume of litigation may prove only that lawyers are cheaper than plumbing, for challenging a regulation in the courts is a low-risk, high-gain proposition for an affected industry. But the propensity of lawyers to sue is a fact of life which the EPA must take into account, just as it does the propensity of some catalytic converters to malfunction. The tax courts are busy, too, but one argument for a fee system is that it is easier to settle disputes about *how much* tax should be paid than about *whether* a fine should be paid at all.

Taxes on pollution could, in principle, be substituted for either end-use or technology-based standards. However, under the end-use (or water quality) theory, the amount of the fee would be determined by an estimate of how much cleanup would be required to meet some specified level of environmental purity. That is inevitably a judgment which must be made with some specific area in mind, because average levels of air or water quality mean very little if they just combine excellent and poor conditions at different places. Where a national system is concerned, fees would doubtless reflect estimates of the cost of pollution control, rather than absolute environmental quality goals, and hence should be thought of as an alternative to technology-based standards.

Where should we start? The suggestion in *The Unfinished Agenda* that one might experiment with a single industry seems ill-considered. Whether the fee be perceived as a burden or as a break, selecting one industry for special treatment seems arbitrary in the extreme. What industry would willingly be first when every environmental lobby in the country would be fighting for the toughest possible precedent, meaning the highest fees the industry could conceivably support?

The environmentalists' other suggestion seems more sensible and likely to produce a wider effect. That is, to begin with the most pervasive pollutants, but not the most immediately dangerous. For water, that probably means BOD, suspended solids, and perhaps phosphorus or heat. For air, it almost certainly means sulphur dioxide, which is a by-product of burning either oil or coal and is readily measured at the smokestack.

Short as it is, this list should eliminate the need to draw up special regulations and to issue discharge permits for a long list of small plants whose wastes are

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almost entirely organic: food processors, cattle feedlots, parts of the pulp and paper industry, etc.

Although the CED argument against a mixed system of both fees and regulations is appealing, the environmentalists also have a point—that at least some minimum limits on discharges should remain, even for those substances for which the fee system is intended to provide most of the cleanup incentive. As a single example of the possible consequences of not doing so, consider that tax accountants, like midge larvae and lawyers, are also part of the seamless web of our ecosystem, and their effects must be considered even if there is no desire to protect them. One can imagine a firm deciding, for tax reasons, to crowd as many of its pollution fee expenses as possible into one fiscal year and flushing out its holding ponds in July, when the streams are too low to dilute the load. The present practice of allowing municipalities and local air and water districts to impose more stringent standards (or higher fees) to meet special situations should be continued.

As for timing, the Carter administration should ask Congress to authorize replacing the 1983 "best available technology" water regulations with a fee system, at least for major pollutants. The National Commission on Water Quality has recommended deferring application of the 1983 standards and scrapping the 1985 "zero discharge" goal altogether. The Commission concluded that the extra measure of pollution control over point sources was not worth the cost, especially since non-point sources are so much harder to control.

The chief advantage of a fee system in this respect is that it would not merely represent a deferral or abandonment of unreasonable goals, but would create a continuing incentive for action by polluters. A good deal of the debate over existing standards turns on whether the available control technology is, as the EPA contends, reliable and attainably priced. These points were hotly disputed in the case of catalytic converters for automobiles; and various types of smokestack scrubbers to remove sulphur dioxide are still technically controversial. There are similar arguments over water pollution control technology.

As matters presently stand, the industrial engineer who between now and 1983 discovers an effective, but expensive, pollution control device would surely be fired by his employer and would probably be unemployable within his industry. As long as standards are based on the "best available technology," essentially without regard to cost, incentives to improve the state of the art are not merely lacking, but perverse.

None of this is to argue that designing and administering an effective fee system will be easy. The central issue, and certainly a source of bitter political controversy, is just how big the fee should be. And should it be high from the start, or increased gradually? One hopes that the EPA is quietly examining the data which bear on these questions.

Nor will fees be an unmitigated blessing for every businessman. There will still be records to be kept and inspectors to be suffered. The inspector, instead of reporting to a prosecutor who may never get around to prosecuting, will report to a tax collector, who will certainly get around to collecting. That will be a gain for even-handed justice, but not everyone will find that comforting.

In practice, all plans for environmental protection, like those dealing with other great problems, will be flawed. Their ultimate workability depends on the same factors: reliable information, administrative flexibility, and political restraint. If BOD, suspended solids, and the rest seeped into our nation's waters in no greater concentrations than these virtues circulate within our body politic, we could right now drink safely from the Potomac. □

THE TALKIES

by
David Everitt

Looking for Mr. Goodbar and *Julia*

Hollywood has recently offered two important movies that fit generally into the category of the latter-day woman's picture. A reaction to the spate of films about male camaraderie, these new films put female characters back in the forefront, reflecting new outlooks that demand something more than faded flower heroines. Both of the films are big-budget approaches to intimate subjects. The choice between the two is a very simple one.

In *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* Diane Keaton plays the role of Theresa Dunn, a woman bearing a scar from an early bout with polio who ends up a casualty of the sexual revolution. By day she is a conscientious teacher of deaf children and by night a total hedonist. She prowls the singles bars, smokes pot, drinks heavily, snorts cocaine, takes pills, and brings home one-night stands. Her self-destructiveness eventually leads to a grisly finish.

The story is sordid enough without lurid embellishments. But despite the need for subtlety, writer-director Richard Brooks abandons the restraint of the best-selling novel and opts for something like a sledge-hammer approach.

A major issue in the film is Theresa's Catholic upbringing. Epitomizing this background is her father, played by Richard Kiley. Kiley is a fine actor, but he has little opportunity to do anything but spout middle-class inanities. Of all the caricatures in the film, this is probably the most blatant. He is not merely a narrow-minded man, he is a rampaging Catholic superego, parading about the house in a Notre Dame warm-up jacket for no apparent reason other than to provide a setup for a wisecrack from his daughter. The looming icons continue to butt in even when Theresa leaves home and turns away from what she's been taught. When she makes a connection for cocaine, the dealer's name is none other than Jesus.

David Everitt is a writer living in New York City. His first novel, Raven Bravo, *will be published by Popular Library next spring.*

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The other side of the coin, the world of temptation, is just as heavy-handed. When a man bumps into Theresa on the bus, the magazine he's reading is *Hustler* (*Penthouse* wouldn't have been enough, we might have missed the point), and when Theresa walks down a street at night, both sides are always glittering with neon-lit sex shops.

For all this simplification, the movie is in no way lucid. It manages to be both obvious and confused. It is hard to fathom what makes Theresa take up this desperate life. A scar at the base of her back does not seem to warrant her sleeping with every lower form of manhood.

Her first love is a college professor. He is self-centered, arrogant, two-timing, and cruel. From there it is all downhill. In the case of one of her lovers, it's hard even to conceive of the guy walking upright. Considering that she literally brings all these semi-humans upon herself, there seems little reason to care about Theresa, even when she is played by an actress as appealing as Diane Keaton. Without much of a core of empathy, *Goodbar* becomes an oppressive two-hour procession of nastiness, never real enough to become anything but glossy sensationalism.

Julia is another glossy picture, but an accomplished professionalism makes it a moving story of lost friendships.

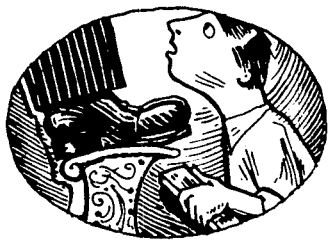
As with *Goodbar, Julia* is a translation from print to screen. The makers of this film were faced with the problem of converting Lillian Hellman's poignant fifty-page sketch into a full-length feature, running the risk of overextending the content and losing its effect. What is so satisfying about *Julia* is that it succeeds in maintaining the sharp emotional focus of a short story.

The movie weaves together Hellman's struggle for literary success, her relationship with Dashiell Hammett, and her friendship with the title character that spans from childhood to a tense reunion in Nazi Germany. Screenwriter Alvin Sargent and director Fred Zinnemann string these parts into a fluid narrative line. Their style combines a tight-knit pacing in the best Old-Hollywood tradition with a careful attention to character. The people in the film are developed in graceful, economical ways and the portrayals are all vivid.

As Hellman, Jane Fonda gives an engaging, fully rounded performance. Her effectiveness is no small feat in light of the fact that she looks about as much like Lillian Hellman as I do. She projects both the strength and vulnerability of a woman realizing precarious professional ambitions while pursuing a personal life that is no less uncertain. Complementing her is Vanessa Redgrave, superbly understated as the magnetic Julia, the rich girl who sends for Hellman to smuggle money to her in Berlin where she is resisting the Hitler regime.

Perhaps the best performance in the movie is Jason Robards' in the role of Dashiell Hammett. He is capable of saying much with very little, hinting at a depth of feeling behind the great detective writer's sardonic humor that is all the more affecting for never being explicitly defined. The scenes between Hellman and Hammett are intriguing glimpses into a well-known, long-standing affair. These sequences are incorporated into the Julia story from other Hellman memoirs and they enrich the picture of the personal life of this controversial woman. Like the rest of the film, this relationship is played with perception and mature compassion. With such hysterical exercises as *Goodbar* on the loose, thoughtful filmmaking like this is a refreshing respite. □

THE BOOTBLACK STAND



Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has accepted a staff position with the House Ethics Committee, but he has graciously consented to continue advising American statesmen in these times of trouble. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The American Spectator.

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

I write at a moment of anguish for me and decent people everywhere. The treacherous, savage, and senseless raid by German commandos on the Lufthansa jetliner is a chilling reminder of things about the German past I would rather forget, except that they keep cropping up in the American present.

The saddest aspects of the incident, of course, were the storming of the plane, the killing of the plane's peaceful demonstrators, and the brave yet curious suicides of the Stuttgart prisoners. But then there was the chilling scene at the Frankfurt airport where the so-called hostages landed and took part in a memorial service for the Lufthansa pilot, whose death we so glibly assign to the Palestinian freedom fighters. Through the entire service not one prayer was offered up for the Palestinians. How soon we forget! Wouldn't it be moving if the American Congress were to proclaim a day of mourning for the deceased—all deceased, even the pilot? What are your suggestions?

Cordially,
Paul Moore, Jr.
Bishop
Episcopal Diocese of New York

Dear Bishop Moore:

Admirably put, and it surprises me that Congress has not taken action. How they do miss Congressperson Abzug. However, I am more concerned with the state of personal liberty amongst the Huns, specifically the repression of Irmgard Moller, the 30-year-old chinless beauty whose attempted suicide at Stammheim prison was thwarted by the German authorities' refusal to give her a sharp butter knife. I say let us call the UN Security Council together and see to it that there are sharp butter knives available to the terrorists of Stammheim who aspire to them. —GWP

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John Nollson

"I Oughta Be In Pictures"

Every now and then, General Ulysses S. Grant (U.S. Army, Retired) invites me to visit him for a drink in his condominium at Leisure Barracks. I enjoy it. I'm a civil-war buff, and the General has more than his share of yarns to spin. His most recent invitation reminded me that this was indeed the time of year when President Lincoln sends him a case of his favorite Bourbon. So I expected the usual convivial atmosphere at Leisure Barracks. Instead, the General was definitely out of sorts, far more cranky than I had ever seen him.

"It's MacArthur," Grant complained. "He's become just plain intolerable since they made that movie about him. By now, I thought all us military geniuses had learned how to live together. I mean, we'll tolerate a little eccentricity; we've all had absolute command over hundreds of divisions and we know how that can swell a man's head. And it's not that I'm unwilling to give another man his due. Why, many's the night that Doug and I have refought the battles of his Pacific campaign down to the last detail, and I'll be the first to admit he taught me a thing or two about amphibious operations. But nowadays, he doesn't say a word about military history. All he's interested in is his damn movie. He reads *Variety* every week to get the latest figures on the gross receipts. He says he'll kill himself if *MacArthur* doesn't do better than *Patton*."

"Not much he can do about it, though," I said.

"Ha!" bellowed Grant. "You've never seen him operate! The man has no shame. He organizes matinee theater parties. He even roped Hannibal and Julius Caesar into going. And both of them swore to me they would never go to another Hollywood feature—after they had been grossed out by Victor Mature's portrayal of a Roman gladiator. I can still remember Caesar fuming that Hollywood had no sense of the classical period."

I had not realized that Grant knew Hannibal, and I was about to ask him about something that had been on my mind since the seventh grade: We had been taught that Hannibal was from Carthage, but what language did he speak? No one had ever made mention of a language called Carthaginian; even at the university, I could recall no courses in the subject. But before I could frame my question, Grant was at it again:

"None of us will ever forget the world premiere of *MacArthur*. Doug strode into the billiards room, his corncob pipe giving off a whisp of smoke. He was at his most expansive. He had brought a stenographer with him and insisted that his remarks on that occasion be recorded. He said:

> Never did I think when I was but a plebe at the Point so many decades ago that I, heir though I was to a military tradition of some meaning through my paternal forebears, might find occasion to serve this magnificent land in a manner which would bring to me an honor greater than that bestowed on any other general officer who served under the flag of our indomitable Republic—the honor of being portrayed in the cinema by Gregory Peck. It is an honor moreover which has replenished a bank account previously rendered nugatory. And yet it is an honor of not unambiguous poignancy, for this singular accolade has dissolved the substance of my immortal utterance on the fate of old soldiers. Friends and comrades-in-arms! I say to you: I have not died; I have not even faded away!"

Coming
Next Issue:

Joseph Adelson
Assessing Freud's Theories

Christopher DeMuth
Do We Need
An Agency for Consumer Advocacy?

John P. Sisk
Pornography, Censorship,
and the Cult of the Wild West

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Worst Book of the Year Award

"There's no doubt," I said, breaking into Grant's rendition of MacArthur's remarks, "that Doug was among the more eloquent of the generals."

"Bah!" said Grant as he bit off the tip of a cigar and spit the piece of tobacco out onto the floor, showing outstanding coordination of teeth and tongue. He also spit out a string of expletives, reminding me that his reputation for plain speaking was not undeserved; Grant could make Truman himself blush.

"Besides," I continued, "I think you have no reason to be jealous. True, Doug has been played by Gregory Peck, but you are ahead of him in one significant respect."

"What's that?" asked Grant.

"You became President of the United States, which is more than anyone will ever be able to say for MacArthur. And he probably wanted the nomination. Anyway, the two of you should stick together; there aren't many of your kind left."

"Yes," Grant acknowledged, "we are a rare breed; we are both Republicans. A lot of people forget that. Still, I'm man enough to admit that I'm just plain jealous. Sometimes I think I'm the only person around here who hasn't been seen in Panavision. Look at George Patton; he's a good leader of men, but does he really deserve all that much attention? You should have seen Old Blood and Guts the night George C. Scott won that Oscar for playing him! And after the news got out that President Nixon had seen the film every night for a month, there was simply no living with him. For the first time in years, he strapped on that silly pearl-handled .45 of his and challenged George Custer to an old-fashioned quickdraw shootout. The fool damn near blew his own foot off! It can go to a man's head, believe me."

I began to get a sense of what was eating at Grant. He had begun to think of himself as a second-class citizen. Perhaps he still felt the implicit rebuke of Mark Twain's famous remark: "I would rather sleep with Lillian Russell naked than with Ulysses S. Grant in full-dress uniform!" True, Grant had been President of the United States; his likeness appeared on coins that were available in strictly limited editions from the Franklin Mint of Philadelphia; schoolchildren could recite his name in proper sequence. But he was not at ease. Yes, old "Unconditional Surrender" himself was suffering from low self-esteem!

"You know," Grant said, "sometimes I think I would make a wonderful subject for a film epic. In fact, I'm working on the screenplay myself." And with that, he produced a thick sheaf of papers.

"Oh," I responded unenthusiastically, remembering that I had finally finished reading Grant's memoirs—and had found them none too scintillating.

"Casting," Grant went on, "is turning out to be something of a problem. I have to maintain my image among a bunch of guys who have been played by the biggest stars

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in the world: Rommel by James Mason, Napoleon by Marlon Brando, the Mahdi by Lawrence Olivier, Lawrence of Arabia by Peter O'Toole, Dwight Eisenhower by Soupy Sales; none of them will do for me. What's more, I have a special problem. Robert E. Lee is a large part of the story, so we will need co-stars who mesh."

"Have you talked to Lee about it?" I asked. "Maybe he'll have an idea or two."

"Fact is," Grant answered, "Bobby and I aren't speaking. It's this damn movie. As soon as we began to discuss it, I had the worst argument of my life with him."

"How's that?"

"We had no problem figuring out the co-stars who ought to play us. We had just seen *All the President's Men* and we knew that Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman would be the perfect pair; well, maybe Redford and Paul Newman would have been better, but we couldn't get Newman because he says it's against his political principles to play generals. Anyway, it was easy enough to agree on Redford and Hoffman, but that muleheaded Bobby Lee insisted that *he* should be played by Redford! Can you imagine that?—especially since Robert Redford is so obviously the perfect *me*!

I couldn't blame Grant. I had often thought how wonderful it would be to be played by Robert Redford.

"Maybe we can still work something out," Grant concluded. "Son-of-a-yellow-bellied-rebel! If Robert Redford ever starred in *Grant*, that would sure button MacArthur's lip! As it is, I have an option on Steve McQueen."

It was obvious, from just that one remark, that Grant was hopelessly out of touch with the mass taste. It would be hard to get financial backing for the kind of project he envisioned. Grant understood as much from the look of concern on my face.

"*It's science fiction they want these* days, isn't it? Well, all right," he muttered.

And he produced another sheaf of papers, much thicker than the first.

"Okay, sweetheart," he said, "what ya got here is the next *Star Wars*, a genyoowine blockbuster that's gonna rewrite all the records, ya understand?"

It was a side of Grant I had never seen before. He really had learned how to talk turkey. □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

by

Joseph P. Duggan

Nick's Big Train Café

At 2800 Tulane Avenue in New Orleans, across from the Dixie Brewery, stands a blighted little frame building with peeling paint and a disclaimer hung above the door: "WE DO *NOT* SERVE DIXIE BEER." This is Nick's Big Train Café, a celebrated watering-hole in a city famous for its fonts of refreshment.

My friend Eric Wedig had been urging me for months to come and visit Nick's. And with Eric's company and that of a blonde schoolmate I did.

The tiny saloon enjoys wide renown for its smooth and flavorful drinks, and that night, as always, the place was crowded. It took us several minutes of determined squirming to reach the bar. Eric had told us how Nick, the Grand Mixmaster himself, was out of commission with a broken hip, and filling his place behind the bar we found his younger brother John, who is 82 years old.

The blonde ordered a Black Velvet Smash, I a Weller and water.

A towering Negro named Jimmy, wearing a white, busboy's coat four sizes too small and whose hair was buzzed like a Marine's, shook the blonde's creamy drink. John dribbled my Weller into a glass.

We caught a lot of elbows from the crowd. They were mostly from Tulane and Loyola, flush-faced frat rats in rugby-striped alligator shirts and smooth-faced, slender girls, quiet and tastefully coifed.

I looked the place over. Narrow wooden slats sticky with chipping varnish made up the ceiling, and out of them poked four naked incandescent bulbs. Two ceiling fans, one missing a blade, spun over our heads. High on the wall across the room was a mural, painted in a sort of urban primitive style, of a big train. And beneath it on an overstuffed easy chair sat a frail man, up in years. His feet were propped up by a pillow that rested on a case of Falstaff empties. Sitting beside him in a straight-backed chair and holding his hand was a hangjawed woman with big glasses tumbling over her nose. She was outfitted complete in nurse's garb, cap and white sneakers and all.

I nudged Eric and pointed. "Eric, could that be..."

"It's Nick," he said, and we began to shove our way across the floor.

Nick Castrogiovanni. Yes, he was born right here in N.O. down on Poydras Street some 83 years ago, he told us. He'd gone overseas in the War, served with the U.S. Army in Italy, come back and opened the bar in 1924.

What about Prohibition, we wondered.

"Wasn't enforced."

Nick said he had slipped coming out of the can and broken his hip, but that wouldn't keep him laid up for long.

A crapulous fat fellow in cowboy clothes who called himself Tex harassed the blonde in Cajun accents.

Nick muttered where he wished Tex would go and he murmured Italian blandishments to the blonde.

The nurse warned us not to get Nick too excited, and since my Weller had gone watery, I decided to inch back toward the bar.

Jimmy was sloshing more bourbon into my glass and I asked him if somebody could tell me more about the place.

"You oughta talk to Miss Dora," he said, pointing to his left and downward.

Joseph P. Duggan, former assistant managing editor of The American Spectator, *is an editorial writer for the* Greensboro [North Carolina] Record.

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And there was Nick's wife, a fragile woman, barely tall enough to see over the bar and garbed Italian mamma-fashion in black. She scurried the length of the bar back and again, carrying the greenbacks she collected to the cash register.

I made introductions. Would she reminisce, tell a story or two, I inquired.

"I ain't feelin' well." Miss Dora peered through her ancient rimless glasses. "They brought me a hamburger with onion on it for supper and I never should've eaten the whole thing. I should've cut it in half, you know?"

I retreated and tugged on the Weller. I tried again. "Miss Dora, can't you tell me a little about Nick and the old days? He's too modest to speak for himself."

Miss Dora choked. That hamburger really had been too much for her. Then a blush of uxorial pride colored her face and she began to recount the memories. "He's the greatest bartender that ever lived. After the War he won first place in a contest in Rome pouring pousse-cafés against bartenders from all over Europe." She pulled a one-ounce pousse-café glass to the counter. "Nick could fill one of these with thirty-two layers of different liqueurs. And he didn't use no gadgets or no eyedroppers or nothin'. He poured freehand like he always does. The best anybody else could do was twenty-four. They would come all the way from Hollywood to see Nick."

She stepped away a moment to make change at the cash register and as I followed her movements I saw mounted in a slot on the register what looked like a holy card—the kind you get at Catholic wakes or that the nuns gave you when you behaved in school. "Is that a picture of St. Joseph?" I asked.

"It is," she said. "The St. Joseph's Guild comes around every year for a collection and they gave us that."

"That's my name, Joe."

The next thing I knew she had clasped her hand in mine and given me the card. "Here, you take this," she said. "St. Joseph is the patron saint of happy families and a happy marriage, and your patron too. You should pray every day to St. Joseph that you have a happy marriage."

It was like my grandmother back from the grave.

"There's so many stories about this place," Miss Dora resumed. "There used to be rooms upstairs." (Now there is no upstairs at all.) "But in '57 the hurricane tore the second floor off. And when we came back"—she pointed to a corner of the ceiling—"there was one Strega bottle holding up the ceiling. Otherwise the bar would've been wrecked."

Miss Dora was tired on her feet. She asked us if we'd come to the back room with her and if she could treat us to a round of drinks. We assented. My friends had the house specialty, Nick's Golden Spike, of which the chief ingredients are scotch and Lochan Ora scotch liqueur. I asked for the Bayou Bomb, made from whiskey imported from Evangeline's old digs, Acadia. The drinks were powerful and tasty, and Miss Dora regaled us with stories. Her son, she told us, was both an M.D. and a Ph.D., and was she ever proud of him, and her granddaughters, were they ever beautiful. I can't seem to remember what else Miss Dora told us, but I know she said plenty. It must have been near two in the morning when the cab came to take Nick and Miss Dora home.

Our visit to Nick's was nearly a year ago, and Eric writes me now to say that Nick is back on his feet again. He even gets in back of the bar now and then, and his pouring arm is limber. □

Christmas Book Recommendations

We offer here gift suggestions from some of the authors whose writings would top our own list of recommendations. In doing so, we hope to provide not only useful advice, but also some insight into the workings and frolics of nineteen extraordinary minds.

JOSIAH LEE AUSPITZ

Writer;
Father of Rachel and Benjamin Auspitz, aged 10 and 4.

Telling Bible stories to one's children has several advantages for parents who do their homework. Thanks to Supreme Court rulings and to the marked inferiority of the sacred to the profane in television programming, the Bible is one realm of a child's experience that can remain relatively within a parent's control, even after the child enters school and passes from the age of innocence to that of barbarism. Many of the stories themselves appeal immediately to children. They invite a wealth of interpretation, elaboration, legend, and lore. They age well, giving young adults a necessary foundation for reclaiming their cultural birthright, while helping them to define aspects of it as religious, historical, ethical, or literary. Bible stories deal compactly with an epic range of experience not to be found in contemporary books for juveniles. As a result, they raise difficult questions, which a parent must be prepared to answer. Retelling them (or even selecting editions from which to read them aloud) requires thought, discrimination, timing, and a knowledge of one's child. Bible stories thus force parents to enter into the minds of their children, as well as into perennial problems of scholarship and morals.

In a many-culted country one hesitates to suggest "background reading" or specific editions to a general audience. Still, Professor Nahum Sarna's *Understanding Genesis* (McGraw-Hill, 1966) shows, from a Judaic point of view that should appeal to a broader audience, how modern criticism can be used to enrich the homiletic purposes of the narrative. The trinitarian Christian *A Child's Bible* (Wolfe Publishing Limited, 10 Earlham Street, London W.C. 2, hardback and paper, 1971) provides an abridged text rewritten in simple language by Anne Edwards and illustrated by Charles Front and David Christian; it preserves some of the majesty and earthiness of the King James and Hebrew originals.

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DANIEL BELL

Professor of sociology at Harvard;
Author of The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism *and* The Coming of Post-Industrial Society.

I have been too busy writing a book to read a book; this is one of the penalties of advancing middle age.

I have been working through (one does not read these documents) the nine volumes of *The Information Economy*, prepared by a research team of the Office of Telecommunications, of the U.S. Department of Commerce, funded by the National Science Foundation's RANN/ Division of Advanced Productivity Research and Technology, and authored principally by Dr. Marc U. Porat. If you

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want to understand the major structural changes taking place in American society, this burrowing is a necessary task.

What is happening is that the older divisions of agriculture, manufacturing, and services are no longer a useful way of mapping the sector arrangement and occupational trends in the economy. One says agriculture, and thinks of farmers. Yet even within this small sector (four percent of the labor force) there are persons engaged in soil science, crop reporting, marketing—in short, information activities. The more relevant way of understanding the society is to see how many persons are engaged in information activities (from simple data-processing to the creation of specialized knowledge).

These nine volumes (though based on data ten years old) tell us that more than half of GNP and more than half of the labor force are centered in information activities. To that extent, they confirm the first estimates and forecasts of Fritz Machlup in his pioneering *Production and Distribution of Knowledge in the U.S.* (Princeton University Press, 1958). For those who want to peruse or browse in these volumes, the relevant numbers for the Government Printing Office are: SN 003-000-00512-7; SN 003-000-00513-5; SN 003-000-00514-3; SN 003-000-00515-1; SN 003-000-00516-0; SN 003-000-00517-8; SN 003-000-00518-6; SN 003-000-00519-4; SN 003-000-00520-8. The entire bundle will cost you $24.15, and when you have finished, you can donate it to the local college library, and get a tax deduction.

The "Communist Manifesto" for the next hundred years is not written any longer in flaming apocalyptic prose, but in clotted bureaucratic prose. If you want to see what may be coming, forget Franz Fanon and "read" *The Dimensions of the Required Restructuring of World Manufacturing Output and Trade in order to reach the Lima Target*, report by the UNCTAD (United Nations Conference on Trade and Development) secretariat, Nairobi, May 1976, GE. 76-64115; TD/185/Supp. 1.

To translate: The "developing countries" are asking that 25 percent of the world's manufacturing output be shifted into their hands by the year 2000. Some preliminary calculations (by an intergovernmental agency, Paris, September 1976, *classified*), indicate that world industrial output would have to rise steadily by 11 percent a year in order to reach this target without dislocation or redistribution. From 1947 to 1973, the best and longest economic boom in world economic history, the average output increased by five percent a year. Draw your own conclusions.

Yes, after all that, I do read, occasionally (I have to!) for pleasure, and I read my friends. For pleasure, I have been reading John Le Carré's *The Honourable Schoolboy*. One reads it slowly, like sipping a good malt scotch whiskey, to savor the language, the description, and the artful way the story is constructed. A delight to see such craftsmanship.

I have read, too, Diana Trilling's *We Must March My Darlings*. She has two rare (and increasingly scarce) qualities: intelligence, and a sense of what is relevant in our culture. Her mind and prose are complex, but not opaque. One has to read slowly, again; this time, to reflect on the acute observations and the shrewd judgments of Mrs. Trilling on our disordered upper-middle-class world.

KENNETH E. BOULDING

Professor of economics at the University of Colorado.

I think the book which influenced me most in my life was H.G. Wells' *The Outline of History*, which I received as a Sunday School prize as a boy in Liverpool. It made me, I think, both a world citizen and

ultimately an American. It should be reprinted, annotated by a committee of good historians. A book I constantly go back to is Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations*, especially Book V, with its extraordinary insights into the sociology of law, defense, education, and religion. I never go back to it without learning something new. Biology only hit me at the age of forty, largely through reading D'Arcy Thompson's *On Growth and Form*, which persuaded me that there were general patterns in space and time. From him I learned that "everything is what it is because it got that way." On a totally different track, more right brain than left, John Woolman's *Journal* illuminates the sources of human sensitivity in language that makes it, wholly unintentionally, one of the great American works of literature. And then to put in the stocking, Ursula LeGuin's *The Dispossessed*. Science-fiction, at its best, is probably the most important literature of this century. *The Dispossessed* is a beautiful parody of earth in another physical setting. I do think, of course, that some of my own books are very good, but modesty forbids my mentioning them.

ROBERT CONQUEST

Historian and poet;
Author of The Great Terror.

Books I've reread in the past year, and mean to again, not a bad criterion: Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, of course; one always finds something new—model literary criticism (of the poet Claudian), a note on homosexuality (from which, though almost universally found, he believes, and hopes, that the Negro in his own lands is exempt). *A Dance to the Music of Time* by Anthony Powell, our finest novelist, which makes you see why most other fiction, and sociological writing, is so false. *The Age of Arthur*, by John Morris, not another Camelot-quickie, but a spirited and philosophical book by a scholar on the origins of the consensual polities of Britain. *Controversial Essays* by John Sparrow includes superbly destructive pieces on the Lawrence and Housman industries, the latter a model of the cool demolition of portentous pseudo-scholarship. Housman himself is of course fine, and I'd give his *Collected Poems* for my fifth, except that this year *Rudyard Kipling's Verse*, endlessly skilled and interesting, has got itself dipped into more often: add Hardy and you gain full immunity against Dylan Goon and such.

WALTER GOODMAN

Member of the editorial board of the New York Times.

The books I'd give—or keep—need no advertisement. But they may have some incidental uses today. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* provides insulation against those tendentious comparisons of Rome 1700 or so years ago and the United States in our own time. Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* demonstrates the benefits of staying in the closet. Nabokov's *Lolita* stands as evidence that sexual desire need not be treated as pornography, and Henry Miller's "Tropics" stand as proof that pornography can be literature.

ANDREW M. GREELEY

Director of the Center for the Study of American Pluralism at the University of Chicago;
Author of Ethnicity in the United States, The Communal Catholic, *and* The American Catholic: A Social Portrait.

Blessed Rage for Order by David Tracy—a brilliant and innovative yet profoundly traditionalist book by the man who may be American Catholicism's finest theologian.

Interpretation of Cultures by Clifford Geertz. Professor Geertz begins, I'm afraid, where most of the rest of us social scientists leave off. He is, as far as I am

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concerned, the most original, illuminating, and stimulating social science scholar in America.

On Being a Christian by Hans Küng. While Küng has a reputation for being a controversial radical, in fact *On Being a Christian* is the book of a devout, strongly believing, confirmed Christian. Honest and authentic both to the needs of the present time and the tradition of the past, he is also one of the few European theologians who currently has the courage to disagree with the fashionable warmed-over Marxism that is called "political theology."

The Changing American Voter by Norman Nie, Sidney Verba, and John Petrocik—the best available guide to the voting behavior of Americans, and winner of the Woodrow Wilson Prize as the best political science publication last year. Nie, Verba, and Petrocik have ingeniously demonstrated how American voting decisions take their shape, and show that in many ways the present era is like the 1920s.

The Varieties of Religious Experience by William James. There was a time when James was on everybody's college reading list. He seems to be off it now, but I bet you any money he'll be back on again. At some stage of the game, pretty soon I hope, Catholics are going to discover that James' pragmatism, pluralism, and empiricism are far more compatible with their world-view than that of virtually any other contemporary (or near-contemporary) American philosopher.

WALTER LAQUEUR
Director of the Institute of Contemporary History and Weiner Library in London; Author of The Rebirth of Europe.

The most enjoyable book I read during the last year was *L'ami Fritz* by Erckmann-Chatrian. Written in 1864, it is about village life in Alsace-Lorraine; it appeared in English translation in the 1870s and there is an opera by Mascagni based on it. It is not in the Balzac-Stendhal class and it deals, of course, with a world that no longer exists—being mainly preoccupied with current affairs, mostly unpleasant or depressing, this is probably why I liked it.

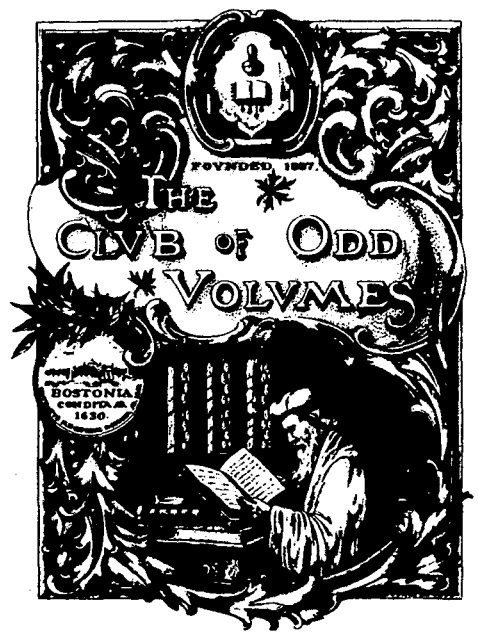
SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET
Professor of political science and sociology at Stanford University; Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution; Author of Political Man, The First New Nation, The Politics of Unreason (*with Earl Raab*), Revolution and Counterrevolution, The Divided Academy (*with Everett Ladd*), *and* Rebellion in the University.

Robert Nisbet—*The Quest for Community*. A brilliant analysis of the decline of community in the modern world written well before the rebellion of the 1960s and the reemergence of ethnicity demonstrated how insightful Nisbet was.

Daniel Bell—*The Coming of Post-Industrial Society*. Bell makes systematic sense of the way in which changes in the economic structure and the growth of the university have affected the value system of contemporary society.

Samuel Huntington—*Political Order in Changing Societies*. The best analysis of the factors affecting political modernization which relates the past and present of developed polities to the tasks facing the emerging nations and explains many of the tensions of today.

Robert Merton—*Social Theory and Social Structure*. Anyone who thinks sociology is the elaboration of the obvious should read this work by the finest analytic mind in sociology. I dare any reader not to learn from it.



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
Editor, playwright, author, former congresswoman and ambassador.

Here are the seven that I found profitable in 1977:

Great Treasury of Western Thought (R.R. Bowker Co.). A distillation of the wisdom, eloquence, and wit of the greatest minds in western history—all in one hefty volume. A truly superb reference book.

The Time Tables of History by Bernard Grun (Simon & Schuster). A unique and enormously useful reference volume for the writer, thinker, student, or fact-nut. It tells who was doing what at any given age in history. For example, I find that in the year I was born, Edward VI was crowned King-Emperor at Delhi; Henry James wrote *The Ambassadors*; Herbert Spencer, Whistler, Gauguin, Pissarro, died; *The Great Train Robbery* became the longest film ever made (12 minutes); the first recording of an opera was made; Madame Curie won a Nobel Prize; the Sixth Zionist Congress refused an offer for a homeland in South Africa; Henry Ford raised $100,000 to start an automobile company; and the speed limit on automobiles in Great Britain was 20 miles per hour.

The American Heritage Dictionary (Houghton Mifflin). The new illustrations in this new college edition are all in the margins.

The Unmaking of a President by Herbert Y. Schandler (Princeton Univ. Press). Col. Schandler is Specialist in National Defense at the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress. He tells all you have never really wanted to know—but damned well should know—about America's disastrous involvement in Vietnam.

Philosopher at Large by Mortimer J. Adler (MacMillan Publishing Co.). This witty autobiography of a high-school dropout, who turned his back on his father's jewelry business and became America's foremost philosopher, is full of gems of art and wisdom. It shows that a philosopher's life is not necessarily a dull one.

The Tao of Physics by Prof. Fritjof Capra (Shambarala Publications). A well-known Berkeley physicist helps to narrow the chasm between religion and science by describing how new discoveries in molecular physics validate the ancient insights of Oriental and Christian mystics on the nature of the universe. May be a seminal work.

Montaigne's Selected Essays (Modern Library). No book lover should let a year go by without rereading this humanistic masterpiece.

JOHN LUKACS
Professor of history at Chestnut Hill College in Philadelphia; Author of A New History of the Cold War *and* The Last European War.

The most pleasant book I read lately is Cole Lesley's *Remembered Laughter: The Life of Noel Coward* (Knopf). Its subject emerges as a wondrous personage: magnanimous, intelligent, thoroughly generous with his matter and with his mind, a successfully brilliant (which is not the same as being brilliantly successful, a far more common phenomenon), a good and a nice man. N.C. maintained his admirable integrity in the midst of the often sleazy theatrical world; he could charm Hollywood, Broadway, Las Vegas, as well as all of the members of the British royal family by being simply true to himself. He was fantastically versatile, without ever having to resort to the tricks of the chameleon. Compared to Coward's light verse, even the best of Cole Porter (when read without the coruscating syncopated music) is merely patter. Lesley was Coward's secretary and factotum for nearly forty years. The biography is finely written, it has plenty of wit and funny anecdotes, and very few lapses of taste. I now regret that I had read but one of N.C.'s autobiographical books and none of

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his short stories and I now intend to read them all.

The most instructive book I read is *The Renaissance Rediscovery of Linear Perspective* by Samuel Y. Edgerton, Jr. (Basic Books). Professor Edgerton seems to be an American scholar of the best kind: independent-minded, sensitive, and thorough. This is not an easy book to read but its underlying argument—which I wish Edgerton would develop philosophically one day—is that not only artistic representation but the very act of seeing changes in history, reflecting certain profound mutations in consciousness. I think that this theme is even more important than the aesthetic and perspectivist arguments propounded by eminent art historians such as Panofsky or Gombrich. I don't know where Edgerton dwells, and I hope that he knows something of the works of Owen Barfield, another solitary and deep-going student of the evolving history of human consciousness. I lay awake for hours thinking about some of the modern consequences of Professor Edgerton's argument.

The most illuminating books I read are the numerous (there are more than two dozen) collections of essays written by the American essayist Agnes Repplier (1855-1950), all out of print long ago. I read her first nearly thirty years ago and I am now engaged in the modest task of attempting to contribute to the restoration of her reputation. She is, simply, the Jane Austen of the essay; she amounts to far more than the image that still lives in the minds of the very few literati who remember her name, that of a genteel Philadelphian bluestocking, a lady of *belles-lettres* of 1890 vintage. She was as well-read as George Saintsbury (who respected her highly), as witty as Noel Coward, and as erudite as Professor Edgerton. What I would not give to have the four of them for dinner. But one can't have everything; and at least I can read them all.

HARVEY C. MANSFIELD, JR.

Professor of government at Harvard; Author of Statesmanship and Party Government.

Leo Strauss, *Natural Right and History*: A book to read and reread for its understanding of the disintegration of the modern soul.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Gulag Archipelago*: The book that will nag the Soviet Union to its grave and curse it ever after, written by a man who is a finer man, by his own testimony, than he ever would have been but for the vicious tyrannies he survived and overcame.

John Dean, *Blind Ambition*: For students of entomology, to show them that no insect can be as much an insect as a human being can be. Don't miss the memorable scene with the literal-minded J. Edgar Hoover.

Agatha Christie, *Sleeping Murder*: The author's superficial knowledge of human beings goes deeper than depth psychology. If she didn't know us, how could she deceive us?

FELIX MORLEY

Former president of Haverford College; Former editor of the Washington Post.

I assume that the fundamental political issue now confronting the United States is whether or not Representative Government, which we call democracy, is likely to endure. So I confine my book selections to some that confront this problem squarely:

Walt Whitman: *Democratic Vistas*. Whitman is a lyrical defender of the Common Man and "Human Rights." But "I say that our New World democracy...is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary and aesthetic results." (Written c. 1880; equally true today?)

J.J. Rousseau: *The Social Contract*. This brilliant classic has been far more influential than Karl Marx in developing the Communist perversion of democracy. The "General Will," which it assumes, must in the last analysis be exercised by an absolute dictatorship, to which all opposition is treasonable.

Alexis de Tocqueville: *Democracy in America*. Generally favorable to democratic theory but replete with early warnings (Jacksonian period) about "the mutability and the ignorance of democracy."

John Stuart Mill: *Representative Government*. Note especially the well-reasoned argument that every recipient of "poor relief," meaning all forms of governmental welfare, must be excluded from the franchise if democracy is to be preserved.

Sir Henry S. Maine: *Popular Government*. He asserts that only the U.S. has countered "the fact that whenever government by the Many has been tried, it has ultimately produced monstrous and morbid forms of government by the One, or of government by the Few." The American exception (writing in 1885) "appears to me to have arisen rather from skillfully applying the curb to popular impulses than from giving them the rein."

NELSON W. POLSBY

Professor of political science at the University of California, Berkeley; Author of Political Promises *and* Community Power and Political Theory.

Your query startled me into the realization that I read a lot of biography—both fact and fiction—for fun. For instance: John Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, which dignifies three-dot journalism by gossiping about some of Western civilization's all-time worthies. Here you can read how that joyful pessimist Thomas Hobbes first got hooked on geometry. Or a hilarious, X-rated dialogue between Sir Walter Raleigh and his fractious son.

Another English biography, John Wain's recent one of *Samuel Johnson*, I thought just splendid. And so, of course, is Vladimir Nabokov's recollection of his old friend Professor Timofey *Pnin*. I think Pnin is the one, unless it was his identical twin, who once discovered as he was pulling out of the station on his way to a lecture that he had brought the wrong notes. Not to worry: By good fortune he was on the wrong train.

The *Holmes-Laski Letters* (edited by Mark Howe) have all sorts of good things in them for people who want to learn a little bit about England and America in the early 20th century, or about academic life, or the judiciary, or Harold Laski's book-buying habits.

Possibly the best stocking-stuffer of all is John Barth's masterpiece *The Sot-Weed Factor*. I guarantee it will cure Americans of all persuasions of their desire to rediscover their—or anybody else's—roots.

ROGER ROSENBLATT

Literary editor, The New Republic; *Columnist, the* Washington Post.

Having few ideas, I enjoy amassing facts. For those like me I recommend the following books of information.

Handwriting: A Key to Personality by Klara G. Roman (Pantheon, 1952). A terrific history of graphology, especially useful for amateur detectives. Soon to be a collector's item since nobody writes anymore.

Bicycles and Tricycles: An Elementary Treatise on their Design and Construction by Archibald Sharp (MIT Press, 1977). Elementary nothing. The book is 530 pages of diagrams, equations, and some words. I understood one out of 50 pages, and enjoyed every hour of it.

The Telephone Book by H.M. Boettinger (Riverwood, 1977). A prolonged ad for the phone company, with lots of pictures of Bell, Watson, and antique phones. No theorizing, but the story is fascinating.

The Inventing of America by Bruce

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Norman (Taplinger, 1976). Like the phone book, without commercials. A clear and orderly presentation of all the remarkable machines that have kept civilization at a standstill.

The Social History of the Machine Gun by John Ellis (Pantheon, 1976). A book primarily for war nuts, but once you've read it nobody will stump you on the topic.

Famous and Curious Cemeteries by John Francis Marion (Crown, 1977). My favorite is the Cimitero di Staglieno in Genoa.

Eating in America by Waverley Root and Richard de Rochmont (Wm. Morrow, 1976). A first-rate history. And you can use hundreds of puns when describing it to friends.

The Wines of the Côtes du Rhone by Sheldon Wasserman (Stein and Day, 1977). Not as comprehensive as *Eating in America*, but contains many French words. A good read with saltines and a muscatel.

The Bathroom by Alexander Kira (Pantheon, 1966). A classic. Covers everything from design to how to take a shower. You'll never want to leave.

HERBERT STEIN
A. Willis Robertson Professor of Economics at the University of Virginia; Author of The Fiscal Revolution in America.

Simons, Henry C. *Economic Policy for a Free Society*. Elegantly-written essays which are even more relevant today than when they were written forty years ago.

Tolstoi, Leo. *War and Peace*. This account of confusion and ignorance in the management of a war is really an allegory for national economic planning.

Didion, Joan. *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*. An unsentimental but sympathetic account of life in America.

THOMAS SZASZ
Professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center; Author of The Myth of Mental Illness.

On the premise that the readers of *The American Spectator* are more familiar with the works of their ideological friends than with those of their ideological enemies, I herewith offer a sampling of some of the most dangerous and debased writing to appear in recent years.

About Behaviorism and other works by B.F. Skinner. A theory of human behavior, by one of the leading psychologists and social commentators of the twentieth century, based on the proposition that human beings are not moral agents: "A person is not an originating agent; he is a locus, a point at which many genetic and environmental conditions come together in a joint effect." A promise of paradise by leading man "Beyond Freedom and Dignity" (à la B.F. Skinner) through the "Abolition of Man" (à la C.S. Lewis).

The Crime of Punishment by Karl Menninger. Scientific proof that individuals who deprive their innocent neighbors of life, liberty, and property are not criminals, but those who punish them are: "The principle of *no* punishment cannot allow of any exception; it must apply in every case, even the worst case, the most horrible case, the most dreadful case...." One of the most vicious books of our age by one of our most influential immoralists.

The New Industrial State and other works by John Kenneth Galbraith. Dissertations on diligence, thrift, affluence, the free market, and other evils of individualism, by one of the leading anti-capitalist capitalists. Sample opinions: "It is possible that people need to believe that they are unmanaged if they are to be managed effectively."—"Planning must replace the market. In the Soviet-type economies, the control of prices is a function of the state." That in the Soviet-type economies, the control of lots of other things besides prices is also a function of the state disturbs Galbraith very little.

Doing Better and Feeling Worse, edited by John H. Knowles, M.D. A blueprint for accelerating the destruction of American medicine by allying it still more closely with the omnicompetent state. Sample opinions: "Health policy is pathological because we are neurotic and insist on making our government psychotic."—"Unfortunately, the federal role in health is weakened by a lack of central guidance...."—"More emphasis should be placed on commitment to human service in the selection of medical students than on good academic credentials alone. One suggestion would be a requirement for one to two years of service (the equivalent of a domestic Peace Corps) in an urban ghetto or remote rural area."

Thomas Woodrow Wilson by Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt. The classic text on the theory and practice of psychoanalytic character assassination, by the originator of the Freudian faith and a famous American diplomat. Sample "diagnoses": "Never in his [Wilson's] life could he allow himself to entertain religious doubts....Twice at least he remarked: 'I believe in Divine Providence. If I did not I would go crazy.' Inasmuch as he made this remark about himself one need not feel that it is indecent to agree with him....If he had not been able to make his daily submissions to God, he might indeed have taken refuge in paranoia and developed a 'persecution mania'; he might have become not the occupant of the White House but the inmate of an asylum."—"Although history is studded with the names of neurotics, monomaniacs and psychotics who have risen suddenly to power, they have dropped as suddenly to disgrace. Wilson was no exception to this rule." Resting on this solid foundation, the morally and politically impartial science of psychohistory has since supplied us with countless cases of men who seem to be politicians but are *really* psychotics. But what, *really*, are psychohistorians? →

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—[London] *Daily Telegraph*

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ELISEO VIVAS
Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Northwestern University;
Author of The Moral Life and The Ethical Life, Creation and Discovery, *and* D.H. Lawrence: The Failure and The Triumph of Art.

The books that follow are not books to be "enjoyed," in the ordinary sense of the word, during the reading of them, although their digestion gives me both satisfaction and a profound sense of their having been conducive to the health of my mind.

Rabelais' *Works*, in the Urquhart and Motteux translation, since few men, certainly not I, can read the old French of "the abyss of learning." This man is one of the sanest minds produced by the West since "the waning of the middle ages."

King Lear. One of the few unmitigated tragedies we are fortunate to possess, on the level with those of Aeschylus and Sophocles. *Lear* will help the reader who reads it for what is in it and not for the optimism he brings to it to discern that which we tend to turn our eyes from: the *apoira* at the heart of the cosmos.

Don Quijote. (Yes, with a "j" in my father's copy, which I still possess.) Skipping the dull stories within the story, Cervantes will lead the reader to discern two types of men that transcend age and culture, and are to be found even in Madison Avenue and Wall Street, lands in which Sancho might mistakenly be thought to be as much at home as in La Mancha.

Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. With sweat, persistence, and plenty of commentaries, this book can be more or less understood. It is worth the effort, since it is the turning point of modern philosophy—if philosophy, an absolutely indispensable activity for high civilization that is forever chasing its tail but getting nowhere, can be said to have a turning point.

The Brothers Karamazov. One of the highest points, if not the highest, of the Annapurna range of novels of the West; if we judge by the dissatisfaction with which its innumerable critics leave us, we may be confident that no one has reached its peak.

AUBERON WAUGH
Novelist, columnist;
Chief fiction reviewer for the London Evening Standard.

A Fine and Private Place by Joan Bakewell and John Drummond, with photographs by Andrew Lawson (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, £3.95). A collection of epitaphs taken from English churchyards with photographs of notable gravestones and monuments. A most invaluable book for those who find that modern society discourages meditations on the subject of death. There are profoundly moving poems among those which are merely humorous or quaint:

Sixteen years a maiden;
One twelve month's a wife;
One half hour a mother,
And then I lost my life.
—from Folkestone, Kent

Injury Time by Beryl Bainbridge (Duckworth Ltd., London, £3.95). The best and funniest novel which has appeared in the English language this year.

The Diaries of Samuel Pepys in nine volumes, a new and complete edition published by Bell, London. Easier to read than Gibbon and probably the best book for a writer to browse in and improve his English.

TOM WOLFE
Contributing editor of Esquire;
Author of Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine.

The Onion Field by Joseph Wambaugh: Wambaugh opened up the police force—as opposed to the detective—as a literary terrain. He cannot be written off as a genre writer. He is one of our very best writers, and this is a book of great virtuosity.

Bel Ami by Guy de Maupassant: This is the only good novel de Maupassant ever wrote, but it is dazzling. It has the same trade-off between economy and detail that characterizes his best short stories.

Therese Raquin by Émile Zola: I defy anyone to put this book down until two-thirds the way through. (It gets a bit crazy after that.) □

BOOK REVIEW
Agency of Fear
Edward Jay Epstein / G.P. Putnam's Sons / $9.95

Elliott Abrams

Readers who remember the children's storybooks in which one tale began on the front cover, and another on the back cover when the book was turned over, will find Edward Jay Epstein's new work especially rewarding. Epstein has provided us with a rare value in these inflationary days: two books for the price of one.

The first, which begins on the front cover, is called *Agency of Fear*. It is the story, as the book's subtitle explains, of "Opiates and Political Power in America." The theme can be simply stated: "Under the aegis of a 'war on heroin,'", Epstein tells us in his preface, President Nixon attempted "an American coup d'état." The Nixon administration attempted, that is, to bring under direct White House control a powerful investigative agency, whose ostensible task would be to fight drug addiction (or at least drug dealers and addicts). This would have constituted a coup d'état, Epstein writes, because it would have "radically changed the balance of power" by depriving the bureaucracy of its usual independence of the White House. Since each of the eight parts of *Agency of Fear* begins with a quotation from Edward Luttwak's study, *Coup d'État*, and since *Agency of Fear* begins with the oft-told and still frightening tale of the Collinsville raids (where federal narcotics agents broke into a house—the wrong house—at night and terrified the inhabitants by acting in a manner we associate with police states), it is apparent that Epstein is serious. This is the story of the Nixon administration's use of a "drug scare" as a cover for a serious attempt to gain and use illegitimate powers. As the newspaper ads for *Agency of Fear* put it, the book is an "explosive, fully documented report on Nixon's secret blueprint for seizing ultimate power!"

This book is 261 pages long. The second book is only 53 pages long, and is entitled "Chapter Notes." Here, Epstein tells a rather different story. Here, we learn that the Nixon administration used fear of drugs for political purposes, in an effort to gain popularity and to win the 1972 election. Yet politics, we learn, was not the sole motivation, for Nixon administration officials did have a legitimate and genuine concern about drug addiction.

Both books are highly informative, well organized, and well written, but it seems unlikely that both can be right in their major premises. There was a "coup" attempt, or there was none, and in the latter case the Nixon administration was motivated by the usual Washington mix of policy goals and politics.

"Chapter Notes," it must be said, is not only shorter, but more persuasive. (Unfortunately, it is not sold separately at a reduced price.) In "Chapter Notes" we

Elliott Abrams is special counsel to Senator Daniel P. Moynihan of New York.

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learn that Mr. Epstein was told by one of his mentors, James Q. Wilson, that "it wasn't all 'politics' or 'image making' but that serious men were sincerely interested in diminishing crime." We learn of Mr. Epstein's own view that in the Nixon law-and-order program, "one level of ideas came from urban affairs scholars, both inside and outside the Administration, who had a serious nonpolitical interest in the substantive problem of controlling crime."

Of course, not every shred of evidence that there was serious concern about crime and drugs comes from "Chapter Notes." In *Agency of Fear* we are told that reorganization of the federal narcotics agencies began under President Johnson, and that as of 1968, the federal anti-drug effort was generally poor. President Nixon is quoted challenging aides who showed him graphs depicting the increasing value of narcotics seized: "Now this is very interesting, but does it have anything to do with solving the problem of narcotics?... are there less narcotics on the street? Are there fewer addicts? Is there less crime related to the use of narcotics? Can you show me that the problem itself is being corrected by these operational indices of success?"

Now, this is not to argue that the Nixon administration did not play politics with drugs, for it surely did. From *Agency of Fear*, we learn that the White House staff saw drug addiction as a very good way to latch on to crime, itself a very good political issue, for addiction was not only a great source of fear but (unlike most street crime) had a federal "angle."

Epstein reports that "the White House staff itself had little confidence in the huge crime numbers that were being supplied to the press through briefing officers in the various agencies." A 1971 Domestic Council decision paper stated that "Even if all drug abuse were eradicated, there might not be a dramatic drop in crime statistics on the national level, since much crime is not related to drug abuse." However, as we learn in *Agency of Fear*, and as is spelled out in more detail in "Chapter Notes," this "hype" of the statistics was by no means the product solely of an all-too-political White House. Each agency used high figures as evidence of a need for its services, indeed, for its enlargement. In addition, "Congressmen on key appropriation subcommittees always wanted the narcotics problem to be presented on a grand scale, so they could justify appropriations." Finally, the press itself constantly asked for more "dramatic" figures so as to have a more "dramatic" story.

One must regret that Epstein does not make clear enough the fact that concern over drug abuse was not entirely the product of hysteria or of politics. As the September 1975 (post-Nixon) Domestic Council White Paper on Drug Abuse notes, "In 1965, an epidemic of heroin abuse began in the United States. New use (or incidence) increased by a factor of 10 in less than seven years." Dr. Robert DuPont, Director of the National Institute of Drug Abuse, writes of "the drug abuse explosion of the late 1960s." (For example, reported hepatitis cases associated with intravenous drug use rose from 6,403 in 1967 to a peak of 29,432 in 1972.) As DuPont states, the nation had little understanding of drug abuse, and misinformation was widespread. Epstein has much evidence that the Nixon administration mishandled and exploited the drug abuse explosion, but is unpersuasive in implying that serious concern over drug abuse was exaggerated.

In any event, Epstein provides much evidence for the view that the Nixon administration was interested in reducing drug abuse, and much evidence that it was playing politics with the issue. But what evidence sustains *Agency of Fear*'s disturbing charge that Nixon intended, in his drug enforcement activities, a "coup d'état"? Almost none.

The case for linking the reorganization of federal drug activities to Watergate-style activities is a circumstantial one, and weak at that: "The same names kept reappearing. While Liddy, Krogh, and Caulfield prepared to take over the drug program, they were also included in covert operations on behalf of the White House. This seemed like possibly more than a simple coincidence." But Epstein then pulls back from his already weak ("seemed like possibly") formulation to say, "on the other hand, it is not clear to what extent these converging investigative operations were planned with a single objective."

Mr. Epstein would have done much better, with this as his evidence, to avoid the "coup" language. If the struggle between the White House and the execu-

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Adam Smith's first book will startle those who think capitalists are purely selfish, for Smith fully understood that liberty must be based in a moral order. Dr. E. G. West, who writes the introduction, asserts that "if *The Wealth of Nations* had never been written, this previous work would have earned for him a prominent place in intellectual history." *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* was greeted with rapturous praise in its own day. Smith's friend David Hume wrote to him from London soon after the publication, telling him that "the public seem disposed to applaud it extremely." The "mob of literati," Hume added, "are beginning to be very loud in its praise." Hardcover $9.95, Softcover $2.95.

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tive agencies was more hard fought in the Nixon administration than in any other, it was no different in its essential character. And Epstein would have done much better to admit that in its essential character, the struggle is not only familiar but entirely legitimate. As Nelson Polsby has recently (October 1977) argued in these pages of some of Nixon's reorganization notions: "It would be wrong to suggest that these devices for limiting the power of government departments, agencies, and bureaus were in some sense illicit. For the most part they were not, yet they reflect a distinctive view of executive branch legitimacy, and its monopoly in the presidential office." This view, Polsby wrote, rests on the fact that only the President, in all the executive branch, is elected, so that as with a "gigantic inverted pyramid" all legitimacy rests on him, and "there can be no grounds upon which hierarchical subordinates of the President might legitimately act to thwart, undermine, modify, or attenuate his will in public policy, once it is expressed."

Polsby went on to suggest that this view was, more or less, that of President Carter, despite its contrast to our more traditional check-and-balance notions. This is all most instructive, and suggests that efforts by the Nixon administration to limit the independence of certain executive agencies were neither illegitimate nor even particularly novel. That Nixon went too far is indisputable, but Epstein here evidences a view that imitation is the sincerest form of criticism, demonstrating as it does the wrongdoer's faults. For Epstein too has taken a decent argument rather a good deal too far. And, failing to acknowledge that the Nixonian view had any merits, Epstein accordingly fails to deal with that view adequately. This book would have been strengthened by a discussion, less directed to personality and politics and more attuned to the principled claims being made, of rivalry between the White House and the executive agencies.

Epstein writes of Nixon's efforts to centralize power in the White House as if they were unique and unprecedented, which is wrong, and as if they were dangerous to our liberty. Mr. Nixon's excesses did threaten our liberty, and in the end threatened his. But the Nixon administration's effort against drug abuse was no "coup" attempt, and Mr. Epstein's attempt to make it appear so is unavailing. It is a credit to the author's integrity that he himself provides much of the evidence which refutes his "coup" argument, but while this makes Mr. Epstein more appealing, it makes *Agency of Fear* a strangely contradictory and ultimately unpersuasive book. □

BOOK REVIEW

The American Catholic: A Social Portrait
Andrew M. Greeley / Basic Books / $15.00

A. James McAdams

America delights in its minority-consciousness. Blacks, Chicanos, and that spurious minority, women, have all been liberated. Homosexuals have been shuffled in and out of their closets. Most recently, the handicapped have earned media sympathy and support from federal coffers. Yet the forces of enlightenment have somehow passed over one very important victim of prejudice and discrimination: the Roman Catholic.

This is the conclusion that Andrew Greeley reaches in *The American Catholic: A Social Portrait*. For Greeley, Catholics are the most widely misunderstood and misrepresented of American ethnic groups. In the eyes of many, Catholics are simply primitive, indeed, almost preconscious. Their religion weighs upon them, making them political dinosaurs in the modern age and inhibiting their drive for educational and financial success. Meaningful dialogue with such alien types, we are often told, can only be initiated when their Catholicism is shelved in some distant corner. Fortunately, we have Greeley to thank for demonstrating that this is all patent nonsense.

Drawing from 15 years of survey research on American Catholicism, Greeley offers statistical evidence which suggests that Roman Catholics are closer to the liberal American mainstream than many people would like to believe. Politically, Catholics are more likely to support New Deal-type social reforms—Medicare, government intervention in the economy, income equalization—than are Protestants. In fact, most Catholics are less blue-collar and less conservative than the average American. Far from being racists, as some people have charged, Catholics tend to be astonishingly tolerant. Indeed, they are prone to have more sympathetic attitudes towards Jews, blacks, and other minorities than those groups have toward them.

Catholics are also considerably more successful than received opinion would suggest. Actually, a Catholic background and education stand to facilitate, not hinder, financial and academic success. For example, Irish Catholics enjoy the highest educational attainment of any Gentile white ethnic group. (As a whole, Catholics are second only to Jews in educational mobility.) Irish Catholics are not only well educated, they are also the wealthiest of American Gentile groups. Finishing closely behind, Italian and German Catholics rank second and third in terms of income. And Catholic Poles and Slavs in northern cities tend to make more money, on the average, than Anglo-Protestants.

Such achievement is, of course, a relatively recent development. Most Catholics started out at the bottom of the social and economic ladder, and their climb to the upper rungs has been plagued with hardship, given the historical influence of anti-Catholic sentiment in American society. Even today, the barriers to Catholic success have hardly been toppled. While Catholics have made vast gains in terms of educational and financial achievement, they have yet to be fully accepted. Because of what Greeley finds to be a "cultural division of labor," Catholics are systematically excluded from key positions in society. Thus, while their jobs may pay well, most lack occupational prestige. With some few exceptions, Catholics are simply denied access to the upper levels of business, professional, and academic life.

Nevertheless, Catholics have clearly come a long way. But have they done so as Catholics, strictly speaking? There is a tradition in sociology that holds that Catholicism militates against success in mundane affairs because it lacks the ascetic activism and this-worldliness central to Protestantism. Greeley disagrees vehemently, and much of his book is devoted to countering this argument. But it is difficult to determine whether he succeeds or fails, since it is never really clear whether he is talking about Catholicism *per se* or just ethnicity. He speaks about a Catholic personality, but many of its defining characteristics—strong family ties, anti-rationalism, skepticism about progress, and support for the local, the particular, and the informal—would seem to be common to most ethnic groups. Are Catholics any different from Protestant ethnics? Have Catholics sacrificed their

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Catholicism to the pursuit of worldly ends? The answers to such questions are not forthcoming from Greeley's account.

What many of Greeley's critics find exasperating about his work is the ambiguous role which he assigns to religion, and it is often quite difficult to tell from his writings that Greeley the sociologist is also Father Greeley, the Roman Catholic priest. In a sense, Greeley seems to see Catholicism largely as a vehicle for the maintenance of the well-being of Catholic ethnicity. Accordingly, the Church's efficacy is measured in terms of the popular support accorded its programs. Thus, the Second Vatican Council earns Greeley's approval since it represented a progressive advance for the Church and since it was—according to his figures—well received by American Catholics. In contrast, he condemns the subsequent papal encyclical on birth control, *Humanae Vitae*, as an example of inept leadership since it was poorly received, since it precipitated a decline in contributions to the Church, and since few people took it seriously anyway.

But perhaps Greeley is laying the blame in the wrong place. It could be that the Vatican Council's interpreters created illusions of a religious reformation which was simply never meant to be, and that *Humanae Vitae* set Catholicism back on the right course. On the other hand, Greeley may be right, and the papal encyclical may represent a foolhardy attempt to return to an unenlightened past. Nevertheless, one doubts that this kind of debate is truly meaningful within the context of Catholicism. After all, it is just not Church policy to reach consensus by counting hands or by assessing costs and benefits. To be sure, Greeley might be able to use his social-scientific techniques to reach more "pragmatic" conclusions than the Vatican. But until he is willing to admit that the Church can (and should) operate on more expansive grounds than expediency alone, it is doubtful that he and the Holy See will be speaking the same language.

This is not to say that *The American Catholic* should be passed up. To the contrary, the book represents some of the best research by one of America's leading authorities on ethnicity. Greeley's findings on America's Catholics—though still incomplete since they fail to include Spanish-speaking Catholics—are undoubtedly the most definitive to date, and they should prove to be devastating in confrontation with the prevailing myths of the poverty of the Catholic spirit. As long as Greeley is studied for his treatment of the Catholic ethnic, and not for his analysis of Catholicism, his readers should have few grounds for disappointment. □

BOOK REVIEW

In the Name of the People: Prophets and Conspirators in Prerevolutionary Russia
Adam Ulam / Viking Press / $12.50

Stephen Sestanovich

Adam Ulam's new book, *In the Name of the People*, examines the revolutionary opposition to the Russian autocracy in the 1860s and 1870s, when Russia was experiencing a cultural revolution not unlike our own of recent years, complete with rising student enrollments, declining sexual mores, and political confusion. It is an enormously entertaining book, both extremely funny and highly dramatic. There is the Ukranian peasant who lectures a Jewish *narodnik* to forget his foolish egalitarianism and become a doctor; and there is Nechayev (the possessed terrorist immortalized by Dostoevsky) who warns Bakunin's publisher to stop hounding him to finish that Marx translation, or else. On a different note, we have the suspense of the plot to kill Alexander II, which succeeded on the very day he authorized reforms (about which he privately conceded, "I do not hide from myself that it is the first step toward a constitution"). The assassination deferred reform for a generation and permanently destroyed the regime's already shaky composure. An excellent, almost effortless writer, Ulam is able throughout to make the most of low-comedy revolutionary shenanigans while communicating the palpable tragedy of this period.

The book's main achievement lies in its analysis of a political triangle of contending forces: the "preposterously unreasonable" autocracy, the conspiratorial groups of madmen and fanatics, and the liberals of Russia's educated classes. Ulam finds that all three succumbed to predictable if fatal temptations: the autocracy and the revolutionaries, to the idea that force could somehow substitute for programmatic political direction; the liberals, to a guilt-ridden sense that the revolutionaries were made of sterner stuff than they, and that their methods—in the name of the people, after all—were beyond reproach, even heroic.

The Russian liberals' attitude, that there were no enemies *à gauche*, is of course a familiar one. In this case it had roots in two kinds of guilt. The first was a sheepish awareness that if matters were left in *their* hands there would probably never be a revolution at all. At best, there might be only a morally uncomfortable accomodation in which reforms were not claimed as a matter of right and the regime suffered no retribution. Second, the liberals felt embarrassment at how rapidly they were joining the upper-class ranks. Ulam argues that at this time there was probably more social mobility in Russia for peasants, priests' sons, and Jews than in Britain.

Paradoxically, the very progress Russia was making out of her backwardness seemed one more reason to oppose the regime. Consider this statement by Alexander Herzen, who dominated the opposition in the first years of Alexander II's reign and who undertook the great task of undermining the Russian attachment to state power.

> If all our progress takes place *only* through the government we will give the world an unprecedented example of an autocracy armed with all the achievement of freedom; of slavery and oppression supported by all the discoveries of technology and science. This would be Genghis Khan having at his disposal telegraphs, steamships, railways....

The force of this famous observation went in two directions. Aware that many desired only to replace the Tsarist structure with a new and more efficient centralized state, Herzen was presciently describing Russia's dictatorship to come. Yet if his argument was a caution to revolutionaries, it was also an appeal for revolution. Herzen was afraid (however implausible it may seem in retrospect) that Tsarism itself would become the new Khan. With this fear in mind, he was loath to condemn the conspirators.

The political docility of the liberals, who let others do their work for them, was one thing. Their acceptance of terror and revolutionary vengeance, rather than of steady integration and unpleasant compromises, was quite another. After all, Bismarck at this time was showing that bourgeois docility could be pointed in a very different direction. German liberals may also have been embarrassed by their acceptance of bullying, but they learned to

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live with it and learned to condemn violence.

What, then, determines which way a knee jerks? In explaining their resistance to co-optation, Ulam does not settle merely for an analysis—though his is very shrewd—of the educated Russians' frame of mind.

A fairly persuasive case *could* be made for viewing the problem in sociological terms. In Russia, in contrast to Germany, the revolutionary danger was not seen by liberals as stemming from a different social class. For this reason they could more plausibly feel they had nothing to fear from violence.

Yet this approach lets the government off the hook. Ulam shows that the orientation of the liberals resulted instead from a genuine political failure of the regime, ascribable to its "suicidal" and "sclerotic" inability to gain for itself even the shreds of legitimacy. The failure is interesting because it was avoidable.

To be sure, much that was held against Tsarism was not its fault, or could not be quickly remedied. Unlike Bismarck, or Brezhnev, for that matter, the Russian autocracy was denied the revivifying effects of nationalism. As the pace of economic progress elsewhere in Europe quickened, Russia's material backwardness produced increasing irritation and impatience. And national comparisons wounded not only Russia's pride but also its international position. Ulam seems to sympathize with the restive confidence of the liberals that only freedom could exploit Russia's energies: "[I]n the late 19th century freedom and power went hand in hand....Russia for all her enormous resources remained backward and relatively weak because her people were unfree."

It was in its handling of violence that the regime undermined itself most. Not content to let outbursts pass, the Tsar's men chose to make "examples," and usually made martyrs. "The government," says Ulam, "tended to use repression as if it were an end in itself rather than an auxiliary and subordinate means for preserving a viable social and political order." *In the Name of the People* portrays antagonists who truly deserved each other, for the conspirators had an equally empty view of Russia's problems, and of how they would govern. In fact, both sides finally failed for the same reason: Struggling with each other was too absorbing, and its easy accomplishments (locking this fellow up, knocking that fellow off) were not the same as political success. Both sides failed to make violence comprehensible. Only political programs and principles can do this, can make violence work, whether to protect or destroy an existing order.

Ulam points out the exceptions in his picture of Russia's mindless turmoil. Certain conspirators actually seemed to nurse electoral ambitions for a future constitutional system, but in the prevailing atmosphere they hid them, for their fellows detested such Western ideas. Likewise, the government veered occasionally toward reform (most dramatically, just before Alexander's murder), but always allowed itself to be panicked by the next act of revolutionary violence. For this endless cycle of frustration, Ulam spares the government least of all: Had it better understood the need to make itself legitimate in the eyes of the new classes, the cycle might have been broken. Instead, the regime was "unable to inspire fear [or] to enlist support."

In this way Ulam attaches an amendment to the dislike of political ideologies so evident in Solzhenitsyn. In Solzhenitsyn's view, Soviet doctrine must answer for the suffering his nation has endured. For too many ordinary people an ideology, which was in some ways appealing, legitimized horrors for which there can be no excuse. From this observation, and with a sense that all ideologies may really obscure human experience, Solzhenitsyn derives his disdain of Western politics—which is almost always based on one ideology or another.

This, however, is Ulam's point: No modern regime is so secure or so embattled that it can afford to ignore the importance of legitimizing itself. His implication is that many different kinds of regimes, even traditional ones, can acquire legitimacy, but they must work at it. If they fail to preserve the power to make people believe, they will have to rely on the power to make them obey. The harshness that is then required further whittles belief, and gives an opening to those more skilled in both forms of power and—worse yet—ready to use them. □

BOOK REVIEW

A History of Christianity
Paul Johnson / Atheneum / $13.95

Eric Dean

Those who have difficulty remembering anything but the scantest and most sardonic references to religion in the pages of the *New Statesman* can only find themselves bemused over the phenomenon of Malcolm Muggeridge as the lion of recent religious broadcasting and publishing. Now, furthering one's confusion, comes erstwhile *New Statesman* editor Paul Johnson with *A History of Christianity*.

Lest the reader find need to speculate as to his point of view, Johnson writes a prologue which concludes:

> So the Christian, according to my understanding, should not be inhibited in the smallest degree from following the line of truth; indeed, he is positively bound to follow it. He should be, in fact, freer than the non-Christian, who is precommitted by his own rejection. At all events, I have sought to present the facts of Christian history as truthfully and nakedly as I am able, and to leave the rest to the reader.

Not surprisingly, perhaps, Johnson's epilogue brings in the verdict that, because the history of the Christian era "has reflected the effort to rise above our human frailties...the chronicle of Christianity is an edifying one." Yet between prologue and epilogue, the reader is provided with a litany of events so generally deplorable in Johnson's view that he can only wonder what it would have taken to oblige Johnson to conclude that the chronicle is in no degree edifying.

The key to Johnson's impressive and informed reading of the record is found in his frequent allusions to Augustine. Certainly the titanic debate between the African bishop and his British opponent, Pelagius, ranged over issues which should be debated throughout all the years of the Church. However, what others might judge to be both an inevitable and a perennial debate within Christianity seems to Johnson to stem principally from the character of Augustine, and his argument is more than a little tinged by—if not British sympathies—a concern for the underdog. We have much of Augustine's writing, and doubtless one could wish that he had sometimes avoided forms of expression which seem unfortunately obsessed with sexuality. By contrast, what little we have of Pelagius and his immediate heirs Johnson finds straightforward and classical. One might ask, however, whether Pelagius' denial of original sin should convince us entirely on points for style. Though—as is true for Johnson—one may

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dislike the passionate rhetoric of Augustine, is it possible that he is correct in the substance of his teachings on original sin and predestination?

We are not told what might have happened had Pelagius won outright. As it was, for Johnson, by being declared a heresy Pelagianism was largely silenced; and thus he writes of Christianity in a series of vignettes illuminated more by the fires of Augustinianism than by the cool light of Pelagianism. What puzzles, of course, is that Latin Christianity continued to be very much influenced by Pelagianism. Indeed, Johnson seems not to be aware of the fact that Luther is quoted as having said that all of his parishioners were Pelagians.

There are those who would want to suggest that there is more at stake in this debate than good form. A generation which has read both Freud and the existentialists will wonder whether the categories of rationality are sufficient to explicate human experience. Even such a figure as Thomas More, whom Johnson admires, would acknowledge this. And it was Karl Barth's discovering that the Bible and Dostoevsky had more to say to the generation between the World Wars than the failing liberal theology that led to the rise of neo-orthodox theology. One might argue that orthodoxy recurs because of its constantly demonstrated cogency. But Johnson is not, in the end, much interested in the theological points at stake. For him, Augustine represents orthodoxy in its arrogance, and Pelagius every sane antidote to such an attitude. Thus, Augustine and Pelagius are more metaphors than historical figures.

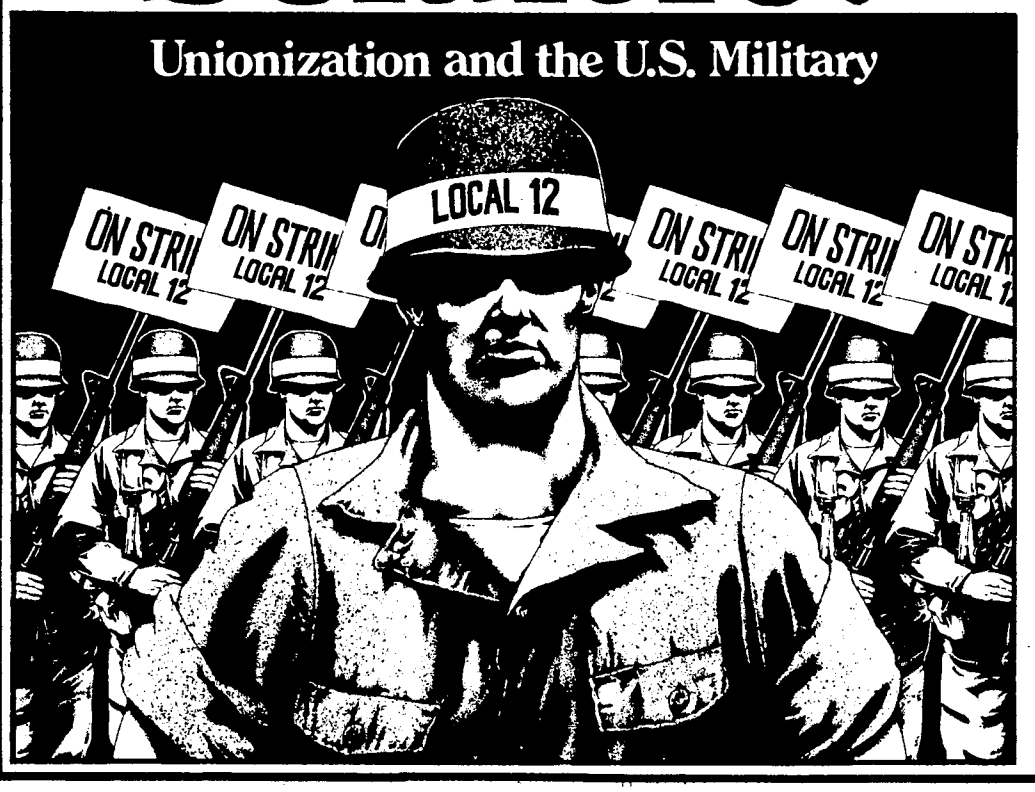
It is fascinating to speculate on Johnson's sources. Perhaps his impressive bibliography represents them, but one can only guess for there is virtually no documentation. What the bibliography omits may be decisive, for when he is not pressing his own point of view, his account is often dauntingly old hat. Calvin, for example, while being given high marks for intelligence and industry, is found presiding over the standard theocratic reign of terror despite recent works which show the traditional views of Calvin's character and his role in Geneva to be inaccurate. And save for the cloacal insights of Erikson, which the historian might question, Johnson gives a similar standard interpretation of Luther. The vigorous and earthy monk, despite his Augustinian rudeness to Erasmus, helps move affairs in the German states in the right direction. Not surprisingly, the bibliographical entries on the Reformers are outnumbered by those concerning Pelagius.

Not concerned for theological issues, Johnson does allow us to see Christianity as the object of the journalist's concern, particularly as the object of a kind of Fabian concern. Clearly, sweet reason would have done better with the issues with which the Church was from time to time presented, but in a bull-in-china-shop fashion some halfway decent things got done until the debacle of 1870-1975. No one need argue that papalist attempts to stem the tides of the modern world were prideful and doomed to failure. Yet the vitality of various movements in the Roman Catholic Church in this century, no less than in others, suggests that the Church is not simply to be identified with the success or failure of papal policies, and there is clearly more to Protestantism in this century than Johnson's muckraking among the sects would suggest. At the very least, his treatment must be said to slight the significant structural and theological changes of the postwar period.

That *A History of Christianity* raises hackles suggests, of course, that it should be read. Lacking Chesterton's wit, Johnson has written an anti-*Orthodoxy*, which —thinking of wags—bears out Belloc's aphorism: "The Church must be divine, no merely human institution run with such knavish imbecility could have lasted a fortnight." □

Blue-Collar Soldiers?

Unionization and the U.S. Military



Edited by ALAN NED SABROSKY

A unionized U.S. military is a very real possibility. Military unions would have a dramatic effect on our military institutions and on the character of civil-military relations in America. A national debate on the issue is almost certain. The essays in this book examine the complex arguments pro and con and describe the likely impact of military unions on the functional effectiveness and political responsiveness of our armed forces.

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BOOK REVIEW

Wealth and Want

Stanley Lebergott / Princeton University Press / $6.95

Howard Dickman

"The question is one of simple expediency for the first populist Secretary of the Treasury: how much could be gotten for the poor by confiscating the incomes of the rich?" Yet after decades of bemoaning our "radically unequal" income distribution, none of the epigones of Marx seems to have asked this simple, empirical question. Stanley Lebergott, Hubbard Professor of Economics at Wesleyan University, does. The Census data for 1971 reveals a "confiscation dividend" of $350 per family unit, if the egalitarians expropriated all American incomes above $25,000 and divided the take (without any skimming) among those whose incomes were below $7,000. That's right. *Three hundred and fifty dollars.* What would it be, one wonders, for the planetary poor? And what would it be in the *second* year of that populist administration?

An economist and historian of the first rank, Stanley Lebergott is also a member of that endangered species, the non-totalitarian liberal. His frame of reference is the world of facts. You will find no unfocused daydreaming here, no evasive fantasy which has come to be the normal bill of fare in social commentary. Professor Lebergott has set out to explore some factual and philosophical bases of current government policy. He melds wide-ranging erudition, subtle reasoning power, dry humor, and a keen imagination into thirteen terse, elegantly understated essays which question policies and assumptions that hardly anyone in the university milieu dares question publicly anymore. Not the least among the virtues of this book is its style. The issues are heavy, controversial, and complicated. Academic discussion of them is usually leaden and dull, "pop" commentary superficial and given to enthusiasm. Not so here. There is no Latin phraseology to glaze the eye, no arcane jargon to narcotize the brain. Professor Lebergott communicates even the most elusive concepts simply, vividly, and gracefully.

Can American capitalism end poverty? That depends on what kind of poverty you have in mind. Capitalism has already done away with the "coarse and untidy kind that leads to agony, to starvation, and to death." But that, it is protested, is only one-dimensional poverty. What about the "relative poverty" of those who enjoy less than the mythical average American? Well, that kind of poverty has increased for more than a century, just as prosperity and general living standards have advanced. The greater the number and variety of things, choices, and opportunities to be had, the more numerous and varied the relative deprivation of those who do not have them! Capitalism equals prosperity equals poverty. What a melancholy equation! There is, Lebergott points out, an escape from this wheel of fate. We need only do away with prosperity to end the problem of relative poverty.

Isn't "per capita income" an objective, reliable measure of a society's or a nation's welfare? But doesn't this mean that every time someone dies, per capita welfare increases, and that every time someone is born, per capita welfare decreases? Death increases welfare, life decreases welfare. How can this absurdity be true? This piece, "Per Capita Income and the Angel of the Lord," will cause consternation in the ranks of the dismal scientists. But in another essay, "GNP and the Garden of Eden," Lebergott "saves the phenomenon." One can, after all, compare the aggregate living standards of a society over time without falling into the per capita trap. The method is to show the uses to which the national product has been put (how many families in homes with central heating, plumbing, separate bedrooms, etc.; average hours of work, etc.), rather than to measure the dollar value of that product.

Surely there is malnutrition, "possibly endemic" in American society, and surely this malnutrition is characteristic of the poor? Surely, therefore, we need massive, multi-billion dollar government programs to bring "the diet of the poor up to the level of the nation"? Professor Lebergott is not so sure. He takes us through the cavernous demimonde of government studies, reports, surveys, and family budgets upon which these social problems are presumed to exist. He discovers that the alleged problem is not only wildly exaggerated, but that the solutions proposed are astronomically more expensive than necessary. Lack of proper nutrition is by no means necessarily a function of income level; nor will giving the poor more

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money necessarily improve their diet. Food stamps "quite reasonably permit people to use the money saved by stamps on other purposes....The USDA can give someone food stamps; it cannot thereby make him consume the right nutrients." Not yet, at any rate. Professor Lebergott discloses, for those who cannot conceive of solving social problems save by direct government intervention, that a mere $1.4 billion of milk and vitamins would bring every poor family up to the U.S. nutrition average (assuming they ate the stuff). Cheaper still, why not abolish the government's control of milk prices? "If that program were ended one of the most complete foods would be cheaper, and could be more widely consumed by the poor." A free market! How callous and insensitive can the man be?

Surely the rich have gotten richer, while the poor have gotten poorer? Surely economic and social mobility have declined? Don't be too sure. Professor Lebergott shows that for well over a century the top wealth holders have maintained (not increased) their "share" of the national wealth. But membership in this group, contrary to popular belief, is neither stable nor self-perpetuating. A large percentage in any given generation rises from a lower wealth class, and has in this century, I would add, in spite of progressive taxation. One sees the huge interest and dividend incomes of those who already possess wealth. One does not see the obstacles which progressive income taxes present to those building their fortunes from a more modest base. The system prevents rather than enhances "equality of opportunity" and upward economic mobility.

Professor Lebergott occasionally avoids examining the "philosophical-ethical" premises of social policy. I was distressed to hear him say, for instance, that "confiscation of the rich would be a moral policy in the U.S. today, but not an expedient one," since, he reasons, confiscation entails only a mechanical tinkering with our already progressive tax rates. But what about the morality of the progressive principle, or of taxation itself? Perhaps we need to examine the blithe assumption that taxation should be an instrument of *gleichshaltung* and not merely a means of raising the rental payment for government services rendered.

If Professor Lebergott does not sound the deepest springs of government policy, the beliefs and attitudes they presuppose; his contribution is extremely valuable nonetheless. His probing factual presentation exposes the cavities. From there, others may proceed with the root canal work. □

BOOK REVIEW

Business, Government and the Public

Murray L. Weidenbaum / Prentice-Hall / $12.95

G.T. Bowden

In this new book on government regulation, Murray Weidenbaum starts with a refreshing outlook:

> Unless you are an anarchist you believe that the government should set the rules for society. A society acting through government can and should act to protect consumers against rapacious sellers, individual workers against unscrupulous employers, and future generations against those who would waste the nation's resources. But, as in most things in life, the sensible questions are not matters of either/or, but rather of more or less and how. Thus, we can enthusiastically advocate stringent controls to avoid infant crib deaths without simultaneously supporting a plethora of detailed federal rules and regulations dealing with the color of exit lights and the maintenance of cuspidors. There are serious questions as to what rules to set, how detailed they should be, and how they should be administered.

According to Weidenbaum, the choice of rules and regulations is too often made by persons who do not understand the activity they are trying to regulate. Thus, rules tend to be written in much more detail than is necessary, realistic, or economically worth the effort; and because of their ignorance of business operations, regulators apply these rules with expensive and in some cases unworkable rigidity.

The problem goes beyond the skyrocketing administrative costs of regulatory agencies (rising from $1.9 billion in 1974 to $2.8 billion in 1976). There are more important, hidden costs: Every new regulation increases the cost of production, and this additional expense must be passed on to consumers in the form of higher prices. This is especially true of safety regulations, which protect consumers by denying them—particularly the poor—the opportunity to purchase relatively dangerous or shoddy, but also much cheaper, products. For example, as Weidenbaum points out:

> The Stanford Research Institute has estimated that the mandatory safety standards developed by Consumers Union for the [Consumer Product Safety] Commission would add $250 million to the price tag for power lawn mowers and put 25 companies out of business. The Institute estimated that the proposed standards could raise the price of a $100 gasoline-powered rotary mower to as much as $186. Push mowers would increase in price between 30 and 74 percent....The largest price rises, in the range of 35 to 86 percent, would occur on manual-start push rotary motors [mowers].

Cheaper mowers tend to be less safe than more expensive models, but Weidenbaum asks us to consider whether greater safety is worth the higher prices.

He also wonders about occupational safety and health regulations, pointing out that in 1974 the average cost of OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health Administration) compliance ranged from $35,000 for a company with up to 100 employees to over $4.5 million for a company with 5,000 employees. For larger firms the costs are correspondingly higher. Although it is difficult to estimate the total cost of complying with many OSHA standards and regulations, the industrial cost of the existing OSHA noise standard (a maximum level of 90 decibels during an eight-hour working day) is estimated at $13 billion. The cost of a slightly more rigorous maximum level of 85 decibels, proposed by the Environmental Protection Agency, is estimated at approximately $32 billion. Yet, according to the Council on Wage and Price Stability, there is no research evidence for the health or safety value of either standard.

Weidenbaum examines many examples of this invasion by government regulators into the realm of business management. An observation by the medical director of Exxon illustrates the overkill nature of this invasion. He reports that non-occupational diseases and injuries account for about "96 percent" of the employee time lost due to disability; thus "OSHA-mandated efforts are...limited to the remaining four percent of disability-caused absenteeism." If these efforts were effective in reducing the four percent, the cost could be somewhat (but not much) justified. After two years of full operation, however, OSHA has had no discernible impact—the number of job-related injuries and illnesses actually *increased* from 5.6 million in 1972 to 5.9 million in 1973. Moreover, the rate for "lost workday" cases in the manufacturing sector rose 7.1 percent during that same period.

There is another aspect of this invasion: conflicts of interest that bias the formula-

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tion of OSHA standards. This is illustrated by the activities of the OSHA research department, NIOSH (National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health). For budgetary reasons, NIOSH "signed an agreement with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union to conduct a study of safety and health hazards in the clothing industry." It is not hard to imagine the concern of textile industry management on learning that NIOSH's director, Dr. Peter J. Nord, was also to be on the ILGWU payroll.

Professor Weidenbaum argues that as a result of this invasion, a "managerial revolution is now underway, a silent bureaucratic revolution, in the course of which much—but certainly not all—of the decision-making in the American corporation is shifting...from the professional management selected by the corporation itself to the vast cadre of government regulators who are influencing and often controlling the key managerial decisions of the typical business firm." He sees this revolution as "neither deliberate nor violent," but nevertheless "forcing a fundamental change in the structure of our society."

But, as Weidenbaum observes, many social goals can be achieved most efficiently by business enterprise in the private sector. To this end, he urges that government retreat from forms of regulation that require intervention in internal business decision-making.

Weidenbaum proposes not to do away with regulation, but to reduce direct controls and substitute, wherever feasible, economic incentives. For example, rather than mandating a certain level of pollution abatement, he would make it more expensive for a business to use a high-pollution product or service than a low-pollution one. Similarly, he would encourage indirect but powerful control incentives such as the "use of 'sumptuary' excise taxation, as we have grown accustomed to in the cases of tobacco products and alcoholic beverages ...to alter basic production and consumption patterns."

To reduce the costs of regulation, Weidenbaum proposes more imaginative ways of approaching problems; e.g., compare the costs of more complicated and expensive auto-safety devices with the costs of more effective enforcement of traffic laws against speeding or drunk driving. A great deal of research is now being done on the costs of accidents and of their prevention by safety regulations, but apparently no studies of the comparative costs of better law enforcement are being made. Weidenbaum thinks the latter costs would be much smaller.

As Weidenbaum points out, the real challenge is to build up our knowledge of the trade-offs between the costs and benefits of both existing regulations and proposals for new regulations so that legislators and regulators can make better decisions. This does not necessarily mean more data—the government is already faced with too much—but better data concerned with costs and benefits, not with justifying the survival of a regulatory staff or acceding to pressures that are against the public interest. Without better knowledge our intentions will lead to more government interference with the internal decisions of management. And when the productivity of business declines as it tries to cope with misguided, excessive regulation, the desirable aims of sound regulation become that much harder to realize. □

BOOK REVIEW

The Age of Uncertainty

John Kenneth Galbraith / Houghton Mifflin / $17.95

William R. Allen

Once again we are the beneficiaries of the wit and wisdom, the erudition and analytic prowess of John Kenneth Galbraith. This time he Thinks Really Big. He aims to explain the essence of world history—largely a story of capitalistic insensitivity and wickedness, abetted by classical economics—during the last two centuries. The purported "basic theme" of *The Age of Uncertainty* is to "contrast the great certainties in economic thought in the last century with the great uncertainty with which problems are faced in our time." (This is said with typical and becoming modesty, for Galbraith here speaks only of the rest of us: *He* is not at all uncertain in facing the problems of our time.)

We know that Galbraith is a scholar: He has been a professor at Harvard. And we know that this is a sophisticated book: It is a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection, and it is praised by Leonard Silk of the *New York Times*. How are we to take the measure of a sophisticated book by a scholar? Let me count the ways. It can innovatively add to theory, it can fruitfully apply analysis, it can effectively exposit the most useful thought available.

While the volume fails spectacularly by such criteria, its author does appear to have a sense of humor. He speaks of writing "careful essays," of making "a central point briefly and with accuracy and clarity," of having "added something that is accurate to knowledge"; with respect to the British-produced TV series from which this book is chopped, he speaks of the "genius" of the BBC lying "in the quality of the people it attracts." But in truth, Galbraith is not so much funny as unamusingly ludicrous.

It is claimed at the outset that the strategy of the book is to study the influence of economic ideas on social actions and institutions: "First, Adam Smith, Ricardo and Malthus, then the impact of their systems...." But there are difficulties.

For one thing, the line of causation—if any well-behaved relationship exists—between changing ideas and changing circumstances might run in either direction or in both directions. Galbraith gives no hint that genuine scholars have wrestled with this subtle problem in the sociology of knowledge. Moreover, the review of classical economic theory presented here is absurdly brief, suggesting the profundity of Winnie the Pooh. Smith is allotted a scattered half-dozen pages, Malthus less than one, and Ricardo fewer than two; and the treatment of these writers, like that of all others in the book, is heavily biographical and anecdotal.

While the whole of the classical and neoclassical survey fits into an unsympathetic dozen pages (J.S. Mill gets one-quarter of a page and Marshall a bare trace) and the marginalists are not mentioned at all, Veblen is blessed with an admiring four pages, Marx with eighteen, Lenin with seven, and Keynes with fourteen. Perhaps Galbraith actually considers all this to be judiciously evenhanded; if so, he makes it strikingly obvious that professional integrity is not everything.

At best, the treatment could hardly have been adequate; one-third of the book is taken up with photographs—some in living color—including one showing the author's initials carved on a barn door. Through prodigious effort, a real scholar might have prepared a fascinating exploration of the alleged theme: the degeneration of 19th-century assurance and optimism into 20th-century uncertainty.

And there is the degeneration of Galbraith's own approach of focusing on

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economic ideas and their repercussions. Following his treatment of the classicists and the Marxist types, there is only Keynes and a bow to Fisher. In the last third of the book there is no substantive mention of economists, and our only source of "ideas"—aside from a small sample of public figures—is Galbraith himself.

Unfortunately, Galbraith is not enough to explain the twentieth century. There is nothing in this picture storybook that would tax the analytic powers of Jane Fonda. This is neither scholarship nor the reporting and synthesizing of scholarship. Instead, we are presented with bits of supposed history and sociology, pitched in both exposition and substance at the junior-high-school level, the sketches often embellished with a generalization or aphorism to suggest learning, shrewdness, and wry dispassion. Many of the passing comments are hit-and-run, bush league, cheap shots. And perhaps to show that he (in contrast to those silly establishment economists) is a Man of the People, Galbraith is not above occasional cute coarseness.

The Galbraithian deficiencies go beyond analytical shallowness and bad manners. He is often a misleading and distracting mentor. In baseball, a fielder who does not touch the ball cannot be charged with an error; in scholarship, an author who says little minimizes overt error. But Galbraith manages to mangle much even in this coffee-table primer. His historical fictionalizations are found throughout, for instance: on Smith and Ricardo, on the Industrial Revolution, on colonialism, on the prerequisites of economic development, on the corporation, and on banking and monetary experience (page 191, on the Federal Reserve, is a disaster area, followed by additional errors on the same subject on pages 207-208).

Finally, Galbraith is discouraging in the realm of policy prescription. Often difficult matters of policy are best handled by uncluttered, general, non-discretionary procedures. But the Galbraithian distinctions, alternatives, and criteria are simplistic. The lay reader receives hardly a suggestion of the complexities of the issues. Instead, it is seemingly implied that quite satisfactory resolution of our most pressing problems requires little more than Galbraithian sensitivity and purity—or, indeed, little more than the instinct of the race. If only we depose, and dispose of, those grubby, devious, nefarious wielders of power, who so rejoice in the miseries of downtrodden mankind, and replace them with Galbraithians!

> Few [of the problems we have been discussing], if any, are difficult of resolution. The difficulty, all but invariably, is in confronting them. We know what needs to be done; for reasons of inertia, pecuniary interest, passion or ignorance, we do not wish to say so.

Proper identification and effective confrontation of vexing difficulties in this vale of tears are not likely to be advanced by such posturings of moral and intellectual superiority.

Normally, first-rate scholars do not bother to debunk simple foolishness. But the Devil seductively quotes scripture, and Galbraith, too, has a following. So over the years Galbraith has received more critical review and assessment than he deserves, and he has had his ears pinned back by some of the best ear-pinners in the business—Hayek, Demsetz, Friedman, Stigler. But the scripture continues to be quoted, and the following keeps following.

Why? Well, this is a pretty book—good binding, big print, lots of pictures. And it is poetry—unstructured, unmetered blank verse—filled with literary grace notes in the form of sophomoric quips. Still, this is not so much a product of the literary world as a product of show biz—and Galbraith clearly is a prospering superstar in providing the conventional wisdom demanded by the show-biz crowd. Perhaps to his surprise, if Galbraith takes seriously his own comedy routine, the market works. □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

which is best read with timpani rumbling just offstage: "The problems blacks face today are the problems whites will face in a couple of years. Public education, for instance. Black problems there only symbolize the fact that the whole system never has made the adjustment to a modern, urban America." In that statement Andy has a perfect score: Everything about it is wrong.

Andy is apparently haunted by a proclivity for introducing that precise line of argument most likely to blast apart his own case. Even President Carter must have laughed aloud when, during the famed *Playboy* interview, Andy accused one of his favorite targets, Mr. Henry Kissinger, of flagrant ignorance regarding racism. Gently, the interviewer reminded Andy that as a Jew who had grown up in Hitler's Germany the former Secretary of State "surely knows something about racism." Whereupon Andy promptly ambushed himself. Having earlier established that his experience in the South made him an expert on racism, he now declared that victims of racism are so traumatized by it that it deludes them. An even more hilarious instance of his gift for polemical auto-intoxication occurred when he defended the Cuban presence in Angola to a CBS interviewer: "*Q*. If it was wrong for the United States to be in Vietnam, why isn't it wrong for the Cubans to be in Angola? *A*. The Cubans were in Angola at the invitation of...the MPL and...*Q*. We were in Vietnam at the invitation of a series of governments—South Vietnamese. *A*. You got me there...." On national television, "you got me there"! Not even Warren Gamaliel Harding suffered through such a moment.

What is more, Andy has no sense that words have meanings defined by authorities other than himself. In fact, my guess is that there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of words whose meanings he has only the vaguest hold on, as is suggested by the following absurd harvest culled from his public bloviations: "I demoralize racism and call it ethnocentrism"; "I really believe in meeting with anybody and everybody. But the only person I'd be reticent about meeting with is Idi Amin"; "I just can't operate on a *quid pro quo* basis. If I can't establish a line of trust, I'd rather not be bothered." The hauteur wafting from this last botch is characteristic, for Andy is the victim of a grandiose and stultifying arrogance.

The arrogance is understandable enough. During all those years of fighting the South's Jim Crow laws Andy was in a morally unassailable position. Time and again he was up against barbarians like Mr. Eugene ("Bull") Connor. Andy was a young man, yet almost always he was dealing with his moral inferiors. But such experiences do not necessarily build character, and when Andy entered national politics in the 1970s the moral questions became more complicated. Moreover, with the collapse of Jim Crow, the black man's problems became more subtle, and perhaps more intractable. Their ill-conceived premises aside, Andy's raucous and boozy homilies on racism are simply irrelevant to the civil-rights movement today. The black man does not need the moralistic prattle and psychological pish-posh so popular with Andy and his chichi liberal friends. Today blacks need job-training, an expanding economy, and as few regulations barring individual industry as possible. The inner city must be able to offer today's immigrants the same opportunities open to immigrants in the past. Crime must be controlled and order restored. For today's civil-rights movement, Andy is as obsolete as Marcus Garvey and Father Divine.

Last winter he had hardly delivered his first lecture against "knee-jerk anti-communism" or discovered his first racist under the bed, when ritualistic liberals began elbowing each other aside and issuing laudations to his eloquence and intelligence. "Young is a cool and pragmatic politician with a far-flung network of contacts and a quarterback's sense of timing," intoned Joseph Lelyveld in the *New York Times Magazine*; and Mr. Lelyveld has a conspicuously stunted capacity for irony. The chorus of nonsense that swelled up every time Andy flummoxed the works remains a garish mani-

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festation of the ritualistic liberals' uneasy acceptance of blacks, and an arresting illustration of their high moral commitment to a politics of sheer symbolism and empty gestures.

Drugs, vice, and general social disintegration continue to destroy the very conception of neighborhood in our inner cities. An entire generation of young blacks is in danger of passing into adulthood without ever having acquired the tools necessary for constructive participation in modern society. A vast amount of scholarship suggests that new approaches to urban social problems are necessary, the older solutions having quite possibly worsened the urban condition. Yet the ritualistic liberals whoop it up every time Andy abandons himself to an impulse increasingly pronounced amongst American public figures, to wit: the impulse to ham it up and make a hind of oneself. By agglutinating the rhetoric of the 1960s civil-rights movement with the personal liberationist rhetoric and the rhetoric of almost every other trendy leftish enthusiasm known to Beverly Hills, Andy has led much of the civil-rights movement away from the real needs of the minority poor and toward the fanciful needs of the salon revolutionaries and the self-realization bores.

In a fabulous six-month period Andy roared as though he were special Ambassador to the UN from *Cosmopolitan* magazine. He reiterated the discredited revisionist canards about American responsibility for the Cold War. He lectured Americans for being "paranoid" about Communism in Africa. And he absolved the hooligans who looted lower-middle-class shops in New York, asseverating that "...if you turn the lights out folks will steal. They'll do that in Switzerland, too, especially if they're hungry." Then Andy played "Variations on a Theme of Racism" to the amusement and bewilderment of the world. The Swedes were "terrible racists," the British quite possibly had "invented racism," the Russians were "the worst racists in the world," and Queens was as hellish as Sweden. "No one who knows him, however, would question his diplomatic skills," the judicious Mr. Lelyveld had said.

By now every washroom attendant in New York knew that Andy was a lightweight; but if they were to read the encomiums pouring in from the liberal brethren, large numbers of them would be growing sideburns, reading French menus, and otherwise preparing for careers in high public office. "America's newest, freshest celebrity," trumpeted *New Times*. "Hope-inspiring...cool, articulate, reliable," crooned the *Saturday Review*. All over the country ritualistic liberals were dreaming up esoteric arguments gainsaying the obvious, namely, that Andy was a mindless popinjay. But the most remarkable statement came from a Mr. Julius Lester, who asserted: "The continuing calls for the resignation of United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young are a sad but real reminder that a particularly pernicious kind of racism is alive and well. This is the racist mechanism which unconsciously expects and demands that any black in a position previously or usually occupied by a white conduct him or herself as whites wish, i.e., act, think and be like a white person." Is Mr. Lester saying that all blacks are as vain and foolish as Andy, or is he saying that blacks and whites have such disparate cultural values that no understanding or intelligent communication can exist between them? Neither position is satisfactory.

Thirteen years after the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Andy and his supporters have managed to trivialize the discussion of race so completely that every bigot in the country is suddenly indebted to them. Of course, Americans have misused the word "racism" for over a decade, often employing it where the term "racial prejudice" was apposite. But Andy has drained it of almost all its poison: "I certainly didn't mean anything derogatory," he announced after calling Presidents Nixon and Ford racists. Republicans were not assuaged, and as they howled for his job he scrambled for forgiveness, explaining that racism, the terrible judgment he had been visiting on so many, was merely an "insensitivity to cultural differences." Presumably the NAACP and the Anti-Defamation League can now turn their efforts to producing travelogues. Belsen and Auschwitz might never have been built had Hitler been a member of The Club Mediterranee or a reader of *Gourmet* magazine.

Today the prospects for racial harmony are not sunny. It is customary and socially approved to discuss matters of race in terms that are almost exclusively subjective, sentimental, and excessive. Liberals have little that is sensible to say about race, conservatives say nothing about race, and a pathetico like Andy is held up as wise and essential. It is hard to imagine how such conditions can do anything other than encourage racial prejudice. Even more worrisome is the acceptance of the idea that blacks be left just ten or eleven percent of the Republic's professional positions. To adopt this quota system is to place blacks in an enduringly antagonistic stance towards the white majority and quite probably to condemn many of them to mediocrity. It is to certify once and probably for all those two societies, "one black, one white—separate and unequal," that the Kerner Commission spied in 1968. For how will such a system ever be ended, when and by whom? With it established that government is to decide the extent of a group's social participation, blacks will be in a perilous situation. They are the beneficiaries of moral fervor today; they could easily be its victims tomorrow. Ours is a turbulent society and the moral fervor of liberals is famous for its inconstancy.

The spectacle of Andy Young has been produced by liberal racism and the aforementioned impulse of American eminentoes to ham it up in the trashiest manner imaginable. Every civilized spectator has enjoyed this show, but not without a twinge of apprehension. Andy was once one of the most influential blacks in the Republic. Today he is the black man's burden. □

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CORRESPONDENCE

Scrooge Undone

Engineers are (if anyone is) the exploited proletariat of the machine age, so you will have to forgive my being almost a year late with this comment; but September at the beach was catch-up time and "Homage to Ebenezer Scrooge" by James Grant (December 1976) catalyzed some speculation. I think he failed to consider his conceit with sufficient gravity.

Think about the case carefully. An aging businessman and banker, not as lovable as Bert Lance certainly but competent, goes home Christmas Eve, dines, sees visions, and becomes a liberal dedicated to the dissipation of his fortune. Arouses vague echoes in the back of the mind, does it not? Where have we heard of symptoms like that before?

You may be too young to remember a clip from an old Army film. A mouse and a cat are placed together in a cage. The mouse attacks the cat and he tries desperately to escape. Poor puddy tat. The reversal of form was of course brought about by a derivative of lysergic acid diethylamide. The cat was on a bad trip while the mouse was on a good trip. When the cat was on a good trip, the nature of the mouse's trip was irrelevant (and if not irrelevant, then certainly a hippopotamus). The Army gave up on the stuff very quickly for good and practical reasons; assorted fools subsequently proved harder to discourage.

LSD is a modern compound and was not available in Victoria's days, but substitutes were available. The English used to be a curious, experimenting breed. All kinds of goodies filtered back into the Empire from abroad. If we assume that British cuisine had atrophied Scrooge's taste buds, psylocybin is a possibility. Otherwise, ergot is the psychotoxin of choice. This is the stuff that recently was blamed for precipitating the Salem witch trials.

So someone slipped Scrooge a free ticket.

WHO? The list of suspects is quite diverse.

The United Fund solicitors? Unlikely.

The vapid nephew and his wife? Hardly. They seem to have had their own thing going.

Cratchit? Come on.

The housekeeper? With her, we may be starting to get somewhere. She does have known underworld connections. But to be fair about it, just knowing a fence is not enough even for a Star Chamber proceeding. She had opportunity but not the smarts. Nor did the London gangs of that age go in for subtle poisoning, so it is unlikely that someone else provided the smarts for her.

Mrs. C and the Cratchit kids? The lady has possibilities, but in this WimLib Age I am frankly afraid to explore them. Let Sis Gloria co-opt her as an exemplar to pontificate and/or vent suspicion upon. A conspiracy among the kids can be eliminated; they do not strike me as the kind who could keep a secret.

Which leaves us free to apply the Dame Agatha Principle by asking "*cui bono?*" and it all becomes obvious. The least likely suspect and the prime beneficiary: sweet, little, innocent, good-as-gold Tiny Tim. We know that he had access to the office and, hence, could easily have spiked Scrooge's sandwich. Circumstantially at least, he is by far the top candidate. I doubt that at this late date we can pin the crime on him, but at least we can avoid sentimentalizing the little beggar. I myself believe that when he grew up he changed his name, and acquired another kind of fame as Professor Moriarty.

Valdis Augstkalns
Vienna, West Virginia

Stoppard Defended

I thoroughly disagree with Mr. Asahina on Tom Stoppard (June/July 1977). He is always entertaining—during my last visit to London it was quite impossible to get a ticket for his latest "inanity." Messages, as was rightly said by that profound American thinker—was it Sam Metro? Goldwyn? Mayer?—are for the Western Union, and even this institution has more or less gone out of business.

F.S. Manor
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Federalism Revisited

In reading Professor Hyneman's otherwise penetrating attack on expanding federal power (June/July 1977), I felt that he was lamenting, perhaps far too much, the relative decline of state government. It is high time that we conservatives abandon the fantasy that the states provide a bulwark of Puritan values in the struggle against irresponsible federal leadership. Bureaucratic waste and fiscal recklessness seem to be as much permanent aspects of state rule as they are of federal. While being a resident of Illinois, moreover, I have learned that our state government is enforcing affirmative action quotas, largely on its own initiative, wherever state money is being spent. Our former governor, Dan Walker, deplored the slowness of HEW in implementing minority guidelines for making appointments at the federal level. To be quite honest, I could imagine myself living a much freer life while being directly under our current national government than while being entirely subject to our politicians in Springfield and Madison.

The problem is not so much with the power of one level of government as it is with the doctrines which presently guide our elected and appointed leaders. Our American liberties are being threatened by social engineers who are fixated on the ideal of equality. And, from all appearances, their breed is thriving in states and localities as well as in Washington.

Paul Gottfried
Rockford, Illinois

Nixon and OEO

I was disturbed to see *The American Spectator* uncritically convey the statement of Nelson W. Polsby ("Opening Carter's Cabinet," October 1977) that, with respect to OEO, Mr. Nixon "tried illegally to put an agency out of business altogether."

Mr. Nixon did nothing illegal with respect to OEO. The original plan of the Nixon administration, as I understood it, was that the President intended to veto any funding for the agency which would carry its activities beyond midnight, June 30, 1973, the close of fiscal year 1973.

There were preliminary court rulings which administration liberals chose not to challenge, and which indicated that, unlike his predecessor, Mr. Johnson, President Nixon did not have authority to name an Acting Director of OEO for a short-term period.

Although I was designated by the President to serve as Acting Director of the agency, my name was never sent to the Senate. The reason for this was simply that it was intended that my tenure would last only from January 31, 1973 through June 30, 1973. One of my predecessors, Betram Harding, had served for ten months as Acting Director, without Senate confirmation.

A lower court did rule that community-action-agency grantees could not be required to use fiscal year 1973 funds to carry out a phase-out in connection with a funding termination projected to occur during fiscal year 1974. No one can predict with certainty whether the ruling would have been reversed had White House liberals not vetoed efforts to appeal the lower court decision.

However, even if the lower court ruling on this peripheral matter had not been successfully overturned, it would, nonetheless, have remained the case that the complete elimination of OEO would have resulted from a presidential veto of further appropriations, sustained by the votes of one-third plus one of the members of the House of Representatives. No court could constitutionally suggest that the President was precluded from vetoing funds for an

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Sunday Herald-Times
[Bloomington-Bedford, IN]

The Rt. Hon. Birch Bayh, a man with no known psychiatric record, delivers the kind of April Fools' Day oratory now so characteristic of the United States Senate:

The true test of meeting our potential is how much money we're willing to spend on programs for the handicapped....It has been frustrating to have to bring some members of the committee [the Senate Appropriations Committee] screaming and kicking into the light age and out of the dark age....Freedom is not just another word for nothing left to lose. Freedom means knocking down barriers and roadblocks to opportunity....Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is what Americans are all about. The government must act within the boundaries of reason and humanity to see that persons, handicapped through no fault of their own, are able to pursue those goals.

[*October 23, 1977*]

New York Times Book Review

Reflecting on the troubling case of author Tom Wolfe, the only apt comparison is with Celine, the mad French Nazi, according to authoritative reviewer Thomas B. Hess, whose namesake languishes even now in Spandau Prison:

He seems as snug as a bug in Celine's old clothes. He's even attracted to some of the French master's dubious politics. He shares Celine's contempt for the intelligentsia (for what Wolfe calls "*tout le monde*"), for distinguished writers, ecologists, psychiatrists, old and new leftists, liberals. He has a touch of Celine's rage at mutability. But Wolfe's anger, like his malice, is free-floating—an aimless violence without specific cause or target.

[*December 26, 1976*]

The New York Times

Our President speaks, with his usual clarity, on the achievements of Mr. Jody Powell, White House press secretary and keeper of the presidential joke:

I think it is a tremendous achievement that Jody, who has to have an hour or hour and a half every day, sometimes answering unanticipated questions, has had his statements and my positions confirmed.

[*October 23, 1977*]

The New York Review of Books

A despondent Dr. Neal Ascherson bawls incontinently over one of history's hitherto less accessible tragedies:

There's little in history more depressing than the collapse of the first wave of feminism after about 1820. It is one sort of shock that the "civilized" mask of a culture can fall, revealing men who possess wristwatches and radios but who are prepared to send their neighbors to a gas chamber. It is a different shock, perhaps more insidious, to realize that an achievement of the mind in the modern era can be lost as surely and totally as an achievement like the building of metaled highways was lost in the European Dark Ages.

[*May 12, 1977*]

The Ann Arbor News

The cultural *Ann Arbor News* interviews Mr. John (Johnny Wadd) Holmes, the talented star of *theatre pornographique*, and discovers a humanitarian, adept in the philosophical arcana of the modern American Enlightenment—verily, a candidate for high office in the League of Women Voters:

"I'm just a human being," he insists while shaking hands with such loyal fans as Rick and Pat Crum who came all the way from suburban Detroit to see Holmes "in the flesh."

"Practice your breathing, you'll have a lot easier time," Holmes was casually imploring the obviously pregnant Mrs. Crum, standing beneath several Holmes nude publicity photos....

"I had no hangups doing it, although after 15 years of Sunday school and a very religious upbringing I worried a little about the morality of what I was doing. Until I started getting hundreds of letters from people saying I'd helped them, saved their marriage, and improved their sex lives," Holmes explains.

Now he enjoys performing sex acts. But he says he hates "porn."

To him those are the movies starring a John Wayne or a Steve McQueen where people get killed and there's "blood and guts everywhere, with gallons of stage blood spewed all over. People send their kids to watch that stuff, it's disgusting. So are adult films with sadomasochism and killing, that's garbage too," he says.

"But if people are making love in a beautiful way, that's not porn, that's beauty." Too many adult movies are not sensual enough, he complains, made not for women but for men. "I try to make my movies sensual and erotic," he adds, noting he's turned down scripts calling for abusing people and would "turn in those in the industry" exploiting children in sexually explicit movies.

"They're giving the industry a bad name," he snaps....

Branching out from being a sexual stuntman on camera, Holmes continues to practice what he maintains is his first love—writing—not performing.

He's inked over 17 television scripts and at least five "children's classics," as he calls them. But the kids books are selling under a different name....

"I've straightened out a lot of people's lives. Otherwise I'm just like any other guy, I even garden," he smiles, while smoking a cigarette.

He feels he and other performers and producers of sexually-explicit materials are too often an easy target for public officials "trying to make political mileage," citing $6 million in taxpayer money spent prosecuting an obscenity case in Tennessee recently. He feels it could have been better spent buying school books, or feeding hungry children.

And as for the possibility of picketers showing up at the Ypsilanti theaters, recent focal point of persistent anti-pornography protests, Holmes smiles and says he'd probably just "shake their hands, buy them a Coke, and talk religion with them."

"After my upbringing I probably know just as much of the Bible as they do...and believe in God just as much as they do. But I just think they're confused. He (God) probably giggles a lot at all of our hangups. Sex is a normal part of life, it's not dirty or filthy. As long as I can show people that, I'm happy," says Holmes, passing out another picture.

"Make sure you send me a picture of your baby," Holmes shouts out after Mr. and Mrs. Crum.

If it's a boy, they said, they're going to name him John.

[*August 2, 1977*]

The New York Review of Books

Midst a long and tortured polemic on the wonders of Chairman Mao's vast torture chamber, Prof. John K. Fairbank proffers one of those reason-over-idealism formulas so urbanely employed by liberal sophisticates upon encountering a large, menacing, left-wing totalitarianism that, frankly, scares hell out of them. In dealing with all other despotisms, e.g., Chile, the idealism-over-reason model is preferred:

The fact is that the human rights concept, though enshrined in a self-styled universal declaration, is culture-bound.

[*May 12, 1977*]

The Boston Globe

The analytical powers of Senator Frank Church, fresh from being taken for a ride by one of the world's second-rate butchers:

It must be a shared pride in these accomplishments that accounts for Fidel Castro's unquestionable popularity. Previous Cuban dictators, like Batista and Muchado, were despised, but criss-crossing the island by jeep, with Fidel at the wheel, is an experience not to be faked nor forgotten.

He takes to the road like an eager campaigner. He obeys the signal lights, jokes with the pedestrians crossing at the intersections, and waves amiably to the people who call out to him as he passes by. Wherever he stopped, there was pandemonium, as crowds gathered around to ask questions, register complaints or just beam. The people react to him more like a father figure than a head of state. In their faces, I could not detect a trace of fear.

[*September 4, 1977*]

Mother Jones

The esoteric and hopeful excogitations of Mr. Robert Lipsyte, noted writer and widely respected lover:

Once we're all pretty much the same, we can be tracked toward interchangeable job functions and mass spirituality as groups, and toward highly individualized clothing, amusements and styles of living as persons.

Which will still not change the basic reality, the one basic reality that has always existed: the only viable unit of defense in a fundamentally hostile world is two people who can achieve the ideal—*best friends who f--k.*

Keeping that in mind, everything else is optional—this unit can be gay or straight, urban or suburban, childless or breeding, of any possible creed or persuasion or thought process, including married or self-committed.

Obviously, the Dealmakers will make it harder and harder for people to create and maintain indivisible units, but, if you can manage one, consider it a progressive political force for as long as it lasts.

[*August 1977*]

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 41)

agency and having his veto upheld by Congress.

Unfortunately, shortly before the end of fiscal year 1973, President Nixon reversed course, and decided to approve a continuing appropriation for OEO.

Howard Phillips
Falls Church, Virginia

Star Wars

In his article "The *Star Wars* Phenomenon" (October 1977), William Neubauer is wrong. Universal made not two but three Flash Gordon serials: *Flash Gordon* (1936), *Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars* (1938), and *Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe* (1940).

And John Williams' *Star Wars* score is closer to the music of Franz Waxman than it is to that of Max Steiner—whose tempi are shorter and sharper—or Wolfgang Korngold, whose music is over-elaborately lush, not vigorous. Waxman composed the score to *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935), which Universal later used for the Flash Gordon serials.

Otherwise, Mr. Neubauer wrote a fine and informative article.

Donald R. Wilson
Film Critic
New American Review

Mr. Neubauer replies:

It was thoughtful of Mr. Wilson to correct my error concerning the number of Flash Gordon serials. I also agree with Mr. Wilson that Waxman, as well as Hermann and Newman, influenced the score; I had hoped the phrase "and other musicians of Hollywood's golden age" implied this. There is, incidentally, an excellent review by Page Cook of the *Star Wars* album in the August-September issue of *Films in Review*.

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